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NATIONAL REVIEW

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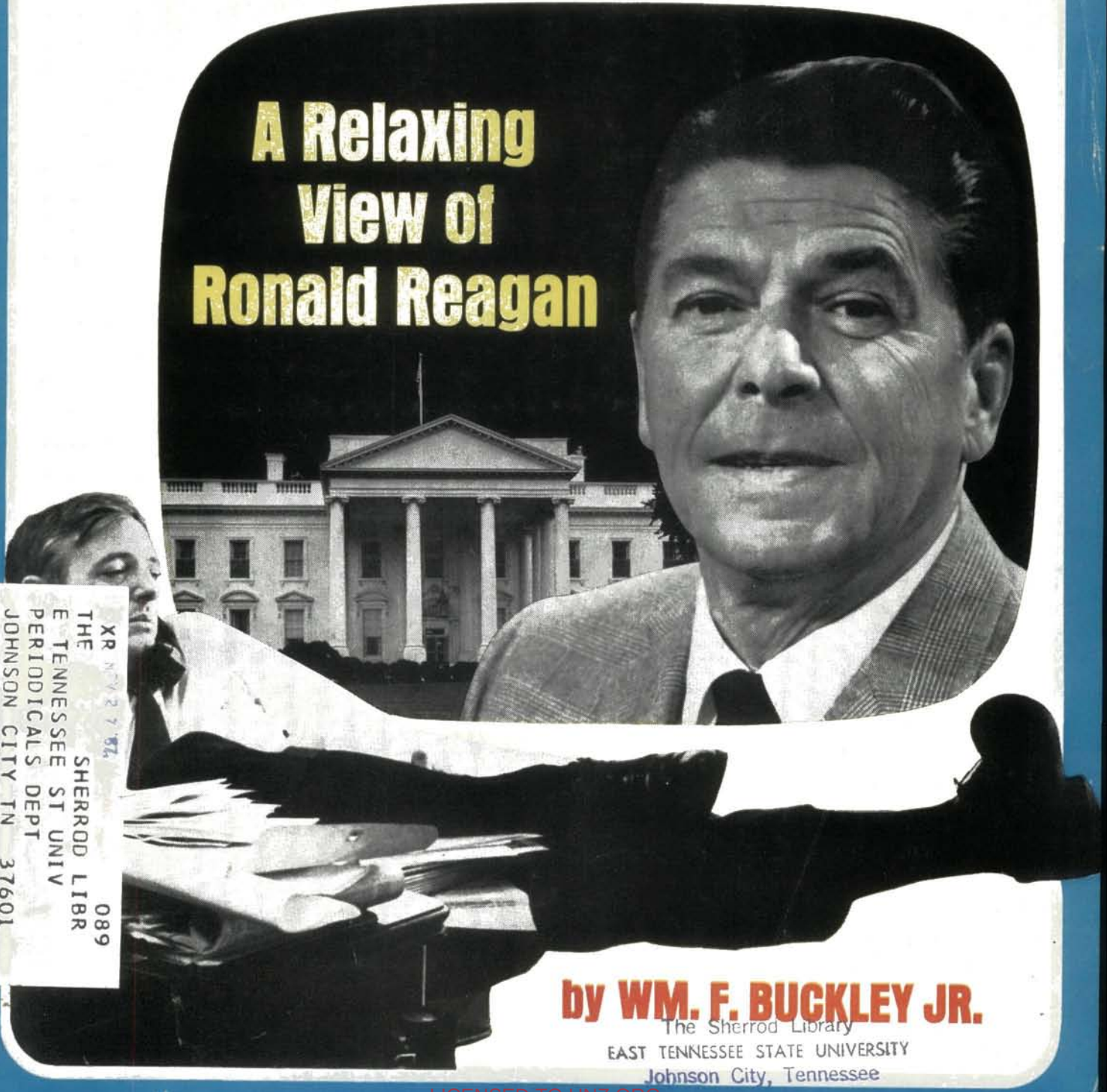

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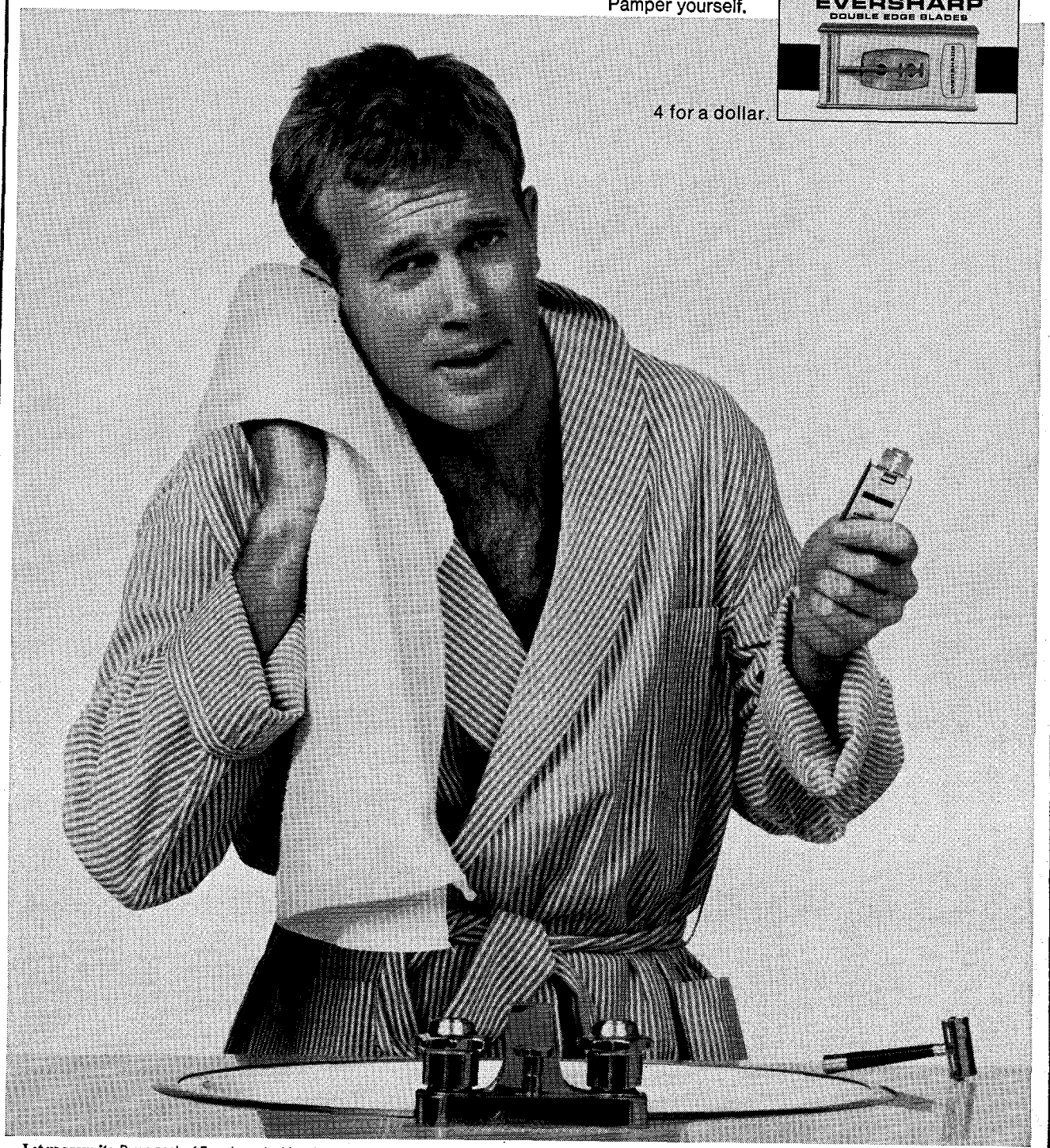

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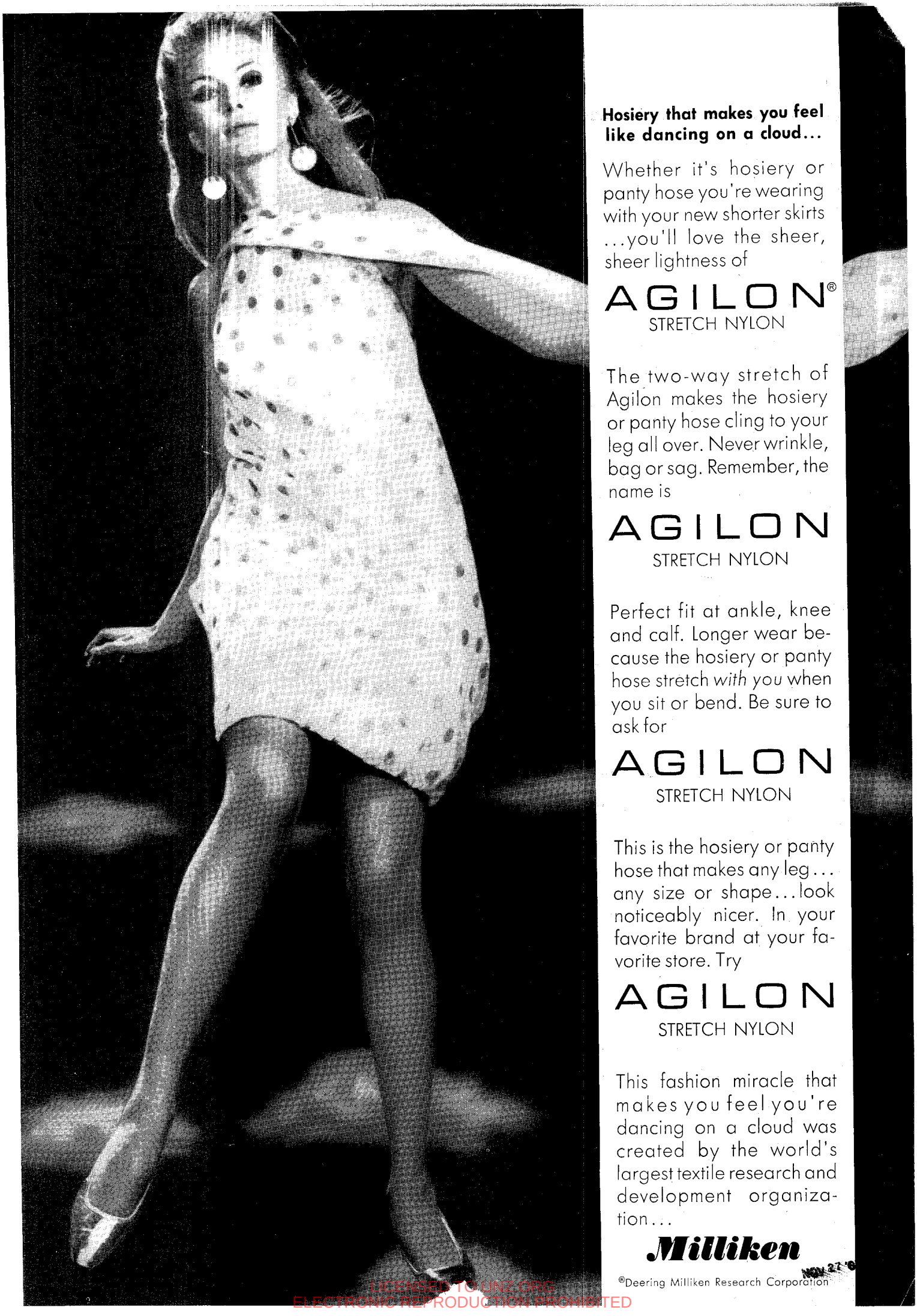

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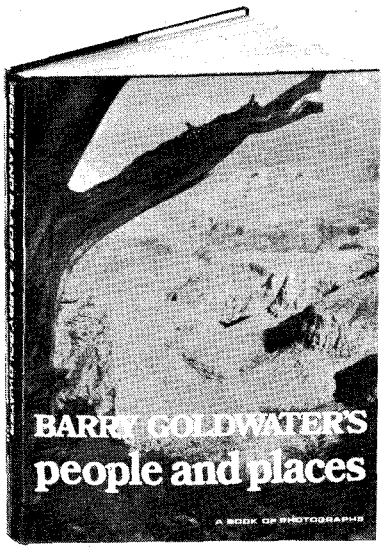

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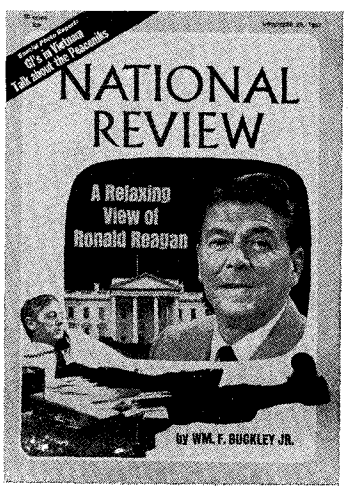
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔A couple of weeks ago the *New York Times* provided, unknowingly of course, one of the high points in American political humor. The *locus* was an editorial, the matter Governor Ronald Reagan of California, and the sentiment inept. The time had come, "most unfortunately," said the *Times*, to take the political career of Mr. Reagan seriously. Translation: if We Liberals are to meet the challenge of Ronald Reagan we'll have to invent something more substantial than a throwaway slogan about former actors. Some of the reasons for Reagan's political heft appear in a major review of his personality and m.o. by **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**, who has known the man, and liked him, for eight years—ever since they pulled a second-story job in California one evening. . . . Mr. **Marvin Liebman** stopped in Vietnam on his way to a World Anti-Communist League meeting. With a hired photographer and a borrowed tape recorder he visited and interviewed that noble creature, the American GI. . . . *NR*'s **Philip Ardery Jr.** does a biopsy on the Kentucky gubernatorial election, and isolates a microbe that could bring down the Johnson regime next year. . . . **Saul Friedman** ("Riots, Violence and Civil Rights," *NR*, Aug. 22) discusses the election of Carl Stokes as the first Negro mayor of Cleveland.



➔**James Burnham** concludes from two recent events that the serious struggle for control of aerospace is joined. Mr. Burnham's latest book, *The War We Are In*, is collecting favorable reviews around the country. . . . **Russell Kirk** brings cheery tidings from the world of Catholic colleges and universities where, to the surprise of a sullen Establishment, humane letters and the traditional faith survive. . . . **Alec Waugh** remarks that London, 901 years after the Conquest, is slightly more delectable than London, 856 years A.C. . . . And two foreign dispatches: **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** discusses the obvious but unquantifiable pro-monarchism of the European press and raises the question: How strong is the new republican system when it feels gravely threatened by the mere presence of one man named Otto von Habsburg? . . . **"Robert Peter,"** writing from Montevideo, argues that the death of Che Guevara heralds the death of Castro's attempts to export revolutionary violence.

➔**Elspeth Huxley,** who grew up in Africa, has a warm welcome for Prof. Charles Burton Marshall's new book on Rhodesia. It should be studied by the policymakers of London and Washington, she says, before our present policies bring disaster. . . . Two seasonal roundups here: Prof. **Guy Davenport** on "Christmas" books, those $15-plus, illustrated, boxed, encyclopedias of beautiful trivia. . . . **C. H. Simonds** has surfaced, having been buried under some 200 children's books, the best of which he herewith tags. . . . Academicus Mentor has written a dashing satire in the form of a manual on getting ahead in the teaching game. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** takes up cudgels against the heresy that "music is an international language."➔

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LETTERS

Out of Context

Publisher "Thomas Kephart" may have told the *Washington Post* that *Human Events* "might conceivably come out for George Wallace next year" [*NR*, Nov. 14], but what *I* told the *Post* reporter was quite different. I said that it seemed inconceivable that the 1968 Republican Convention would nominate a candidate unacceptable to conservatives, but that if it did, several options would be open to us, each of which would be carefully weighed on its merits at that time.

The options I recall mentioning were: a) to support Johnson, b) to support the Republican nominee, c) to support nobody at all and advise conservatives to sit out the election, or d) to support a third party candidate. Since this was a tongue-in-cheek attempt to show that at present we do not know exactly what we would do if a conservative is not nominated, it could have been extended indefinitely. We might "conceivably", for example, support Bill Buckley for President.

It is surely unnecessary to remind you that one of the consequences of fencing with the liberal press is that often one's statements are deftly lifted out of context.

ROBERT D. KEPHART
Publisher
Washington, D. C. *Human Events*

The Worse Old Days

In the Nov. 14 issue John Chamberlain states: "But marches in 1932 had not yet become the common coin of protest movements." The newspapers of the time will direct him to accounts of marches, not to mention rallies, that make those of today seem like picnics. The Bonus march, the February 1932 unemployment march, the 1932 Communist election march, the high school boys' march from all over the city to City Hall, the May Day marches, and others, adequately refute his statement.

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. ALVIN WALKER

Russia's Fiftieth

Congratulations. The October 31 issue is magnificent and should be required reading for congressmen, high school and college students. I expect to re-read, re-read and re-read.

Washington, D.C. N. CARL BAREFOOT JR.

Highly condensed surveys of world Communism are rarely successful. Yours [Oct. 31] is worse than most, particularly in its coverage of Asia.

For example, when dealing with Ceylon surely the first fact to note is that there is a legal Ceylon Communist Party with both Moscow and Peking wings, each with its own labor, youth, women's and other front groups. You appear to be unaware that it is not just the Ceylon Trade Union Federation (the Peking-controlled labor front), but rather the Ceylon Federation of Trade Unions (the Moscow-dominated front), which is the most important Communist trade union organization.

You write that Malaysia's Communist guerrilla problem is "mostly a mop-up operation," now that Sukarno has fallen. But the Malaysian government's "White Book" of September 19, 1966 warned of resurgent protracted guerrilla warfare in eastern Malaysia, "drawing inspiration from Peking." Nor is there reference in your article to current Communist guerrilla insurgency on the border area between Thailand and Malaysia. One also looks in vain in your section on Burma for any reference to the distinction between "White Flag" and "Red Flag" factions of the Burma Communist Party, and of Moscow's manipulations here. In Singapore the Barisan Sosialis is perhaps the clearest example of organized Maoism outside China. Your article makes no reference to this organization. . . .

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF
Department of Political Science
University of Bridgeport
Bridgeport, Conn.

Your Oct. 31 issue on the Bolshevik Revolution was excellent and much more factual than the coverage of this 50th anniversary by our better-heeled and more highly touted mass media. Congratulations. It has the chilling truth of the past, present and obvious future condensed to plain blunt words. Constantine FitzGibbon's essay on America says more, in fewer words, than his book, *When The Kissing Had to Stop.*

New York, N.Y. JAMES J. MCCORMACK

Evans on Rand: The Reaction

The letters in your Oct. 31 issue by Objectivists Robert F. Randall, Harry Reader, Robert Cassella, and Donald Richmond are admirable, and so was your decision to publish them.

Lynbrook, N.Y. GEORGE EAGLE

Having followed the reactions of Objectivists for the past few issues I am amazed at the lack of agreement on the principles that Ayn Rand teaches. My only observation can be that they find Objectivism's beauty lies in its incomprehensibility.

Provo, Utah DONOVAN DOW DAVISSON

Appearing on a local radio talk show, Nathaniel Branden was asked to comment on M. Stanton Evans' recent article [*NR*, Oct. 3]. After admitting that he had not yet read it, he proceeded to charge that NATIONAL REVIEW had launched "a new cheap smear against Ayn Rand" which had its origin some years ago when "that ex-Communist spy turned religionist" had reviewed *Atlas Shrugged.* Asked whether he would like to confront William Buckley, Branden stated that he had attempted to arrange a debate on a number of occasions but had not been successful. As for the present prospects he declared "I wouldn't let those people [sic] into my living room. It would be admitting they are moral human beings."

I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't. . .

San Francisco, Cal. RICHARD D. MARKEL

I don't think your magazine is as much conservative as it is civilized. That is why I am sure your most vehement opposition comes not from true liberals as much as from true uncivilized barbarians.

AIRMAN 2/C T. L. MCCAULLEY
Dyess AFB, Tex.

Ghostly Father

Many thanks for the national coverage given to my recent ordination to the priesthood by Your Eminences [Oct. 31, p. 1149]. My wife and five children are a bit concerned, but this is the sort of thing we must accept in the post-*aggiornamento*. I can not resist the temptation to add that my friends consider me to be "Episcopal timber."

JOHN D. WINDHAUSEN
Assistant Professor
Manchester, N.H. St. Anselm's College

Tito and Greece

On Page 1013 of NATIONAL REVIEW for September 19, 1967, Mr. James Burnham, author of the article "McNamara's Non-War," states:

"The anti-Communist fight in postwar Greece began making real and rapid progress when Tito's break with Stalin closed the Yugoslav-Greek border."

Such a statement by Mr. Burnham is completely in error. Tito did not close the border; action did not follow the expressed words. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to close such a border as then existed along the northern frontier of Greece. The Greek Army itself could not close the border from invasion from the North. Actually, the international Communist guerrillas operating in Greece continued to have all bases in

(Continued on p. 1300)

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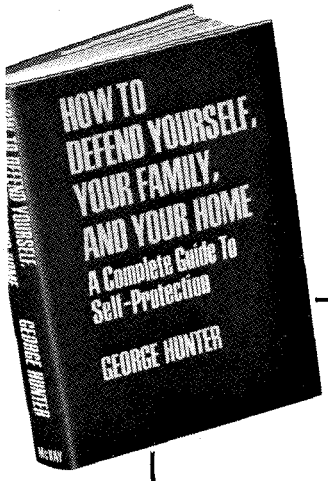

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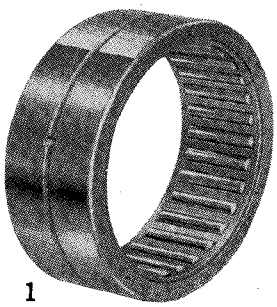
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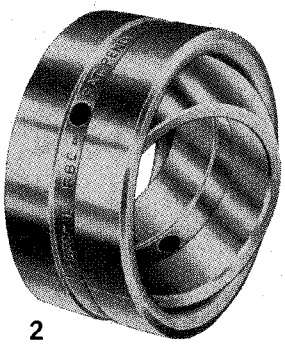
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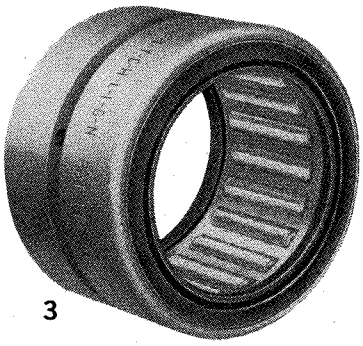
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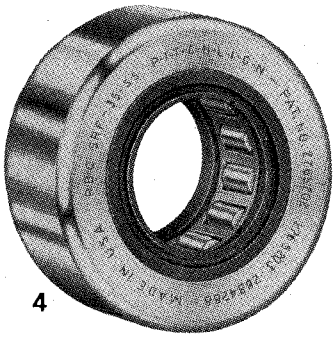
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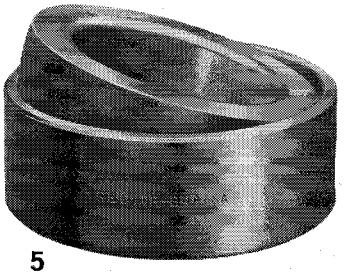
3. RBC Sealed Pitchlign Bearing: Like the standard Pitchlign, it has the heaviest cage used in this type of bearing, plus large shoulder backed seals to retain lubricant and exclude dirt.

4. RBC Pitchlign Roller Follower: Heavy walled outer race for unsupported outer race rotation. These units can be used with or without seals and with or without inner races.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5. NEW! RBC Heavy Duty Self-Aligning Thrust Bushing: A simple Self-Aligning Bushing with very high axial capacity and a relatively high radial capacity.

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Sullivan Way, West Trenton, New Jersey

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 1298)

the southern part of Yugoslavia, such as rest areas, supply depots, hospitals, recreation centers, training camps.

I enjoy and profit by reading NATIONAL REVIEW. I trust a correction to this erroneous opinion may be forthcoming.

JAMES ALWARD VAN FLEET
General, U.S. Army (Ret.)
Polk City, Fla.

A Reply

General Van Fleet is certainly correct in pointing out that "it is impossible to close such a border." My phrase was exaggerated. I have, however, believed it an accepted fact that, following the break, the Yugoslavian sanctuary decreased its welcome and support for the guerrillas. Lt. Col. Edward R. Wainhouse's well-known study, for example (*Military Review*, June 1957), cites "Yugoslav denial (beginning in 1949) of supply routes into northern Greece" as one of three primary factors accounting for the Communist failure. Of course, analysts inevitably differ in their post facto evaluations.

Kent, Conn. JAMES BURNHAM

Light in the West

In your issue of October 17 Mr. Burnham states that "MSU" (Montana State University) "was a modest cow-town agricultural and technical college until a few years ago.

This is not the case. Bozeman, Montana is not a "cow-town." It lies in the heart of the Gallatin Valley, one of America's most fertile areas, noted for its huge crops of legumes and of small grains. Nor are "the lawns, trees and flowers surprising in the midst of the windswept northern prairies." On the contrary, they grow in a valley of surpassing beauty entirely surrounded by protecting mountains.

For over half a century the college has been a famous center of research in agricultural science. Not only that, five years ago I was a fellow guest with a well-known medical research scientist who stopped in California on the way to Bozeman. Why? To join a group of some thirty scientists who were gathering there from various parts of the world to pool their knowledge about one of mankind's most baffling diseases. Few laboratories in the world are studying this particular problem. Of the two in the United States one is at Montana State and the leader of the conference, the scientist who had delved most deeply into the problem, was officially connected with that institution.

Many western towns, from their earliest days, have had as large a percentage of educated people as have eastern cities. During my childhood days in Bozeman

(Continued on p. 1303)

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How to put someone else's cash to work building your fortune!

Reeves-Thompson

Even if you know nothing about saving or investing . . . no matter how much or how little you have saved right now . . . CARL E. PERSON's unique – and entirely legal – system can make you richer, faster, than the traditional methods of saving and investing you use now. That's the spectacular appeal of

THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE

Revolutionary? Not exactly. Nearly every successful corporation borrows money to make money – General Motors' outstanding debt is in excess of 230 *million* dollars right now! And the Texas oilman who says he judges how much a man is *really* worth by how much he can borrow isn't kidding. Systematic borrowing – using someone else's money to make money – is a strategy sophisticated "big money" companies and investors have been following for years.

What *is* revolutionary about Carl Person's unique system is that it can work for nearly any investor. Mr. Person starts off THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE with this statement: *"A person with a moderate ability to save, starting from scratch, has an excellent opportunity to accumulate a fortune exceeding one million dollars."*

Begin immediately—and watch your money multiply

How? The key to the system is in putting money to work for you *before* you actually begin accumulating it. You've probably read investment books that show you how easily "money makes money." And some of them are fine – *if* you've already got a substantial amount to invest. THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE is different because it starts you on a sensible, long-term personal investment program *right now*, even if you have not had great success at saving. All you need is the *capacity* to save a regular amount every month, and the *desire* to go into action immediately.

The 10th-Multiple and Compound Magic

THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE begins with a certain low-cost loan with which you avoid discouraging, costly delays and *assure* regular, manageable saving. From this vital beginning, it develops an effective, practical system for putting that stake to optimum use – getting the highest yield while minimizing risk.

Once you're on your way, you'll find the strategy astonishingly simple, entirely legal, and arithmetically unassailable. With THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE you'll set in motion the action that hastens you toward the goal of achieving *ten doublings* of $1,000 – the process Carl Person calls *"the 10th Multiple."* Here's how $1,000 saved and invested *each* year, with compounding, can grow:

The Multiples	Total Accumulation
–	$ 1,000
1st	2,000
2nd	4,000
3rd	8,000
4th	16,000
5th	32,000
6th	64,000
7th	128,000
8th	256,000
9th	512,000
10th	1,024,000

Avoiding "savings losses"

The chances are excellent that, as of now, you are one of the millions of people who will never become wealthy because you are experiencing one or more "savings losses" (a needless depletion of savings caused by a lack of understanding of saving and investment procedures). These are the kind of "poor traps" sophisticated investors *never* fall into. Carl Person, an attorney, college lecturer in business law, and successful practitioner of his own investment methods, exposes each one and explains how to avoid it. In THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE you'll discover for example:

- how to avoid excessive brokerage commissions (with THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE, you actually obtain the effect of purchasing stocks without paying any brokerage fees!);
- how you can stop saving money when you reach the 5th Multiple ($32,000) and still reach the 10th Multiple without any significant delay;
- how to guard against abuses in mutual funds (start with Mr. Person's name-and-address list of 47 funds that charge no sales commission at all);
- why your first few Multiples come quite quickly;
- how to minimize your outlay for life insurance without forfeiting any protection – and what to do if you are already committed to an undesirable insurance program;
- why a difference of 9% in your return (including capital appreciation) can mean $1,000,000 in your pocket – and how a portion of *that very 9%* is often accounted for by commissions, fees and premiums that look so unimportant on a yearly basis;
- the simple fallacy that makes the "low-interest" 2.88% passbook loan an *expensive* way to borrow;
- the secret of "anticipatory-reinvestment" – a foolproof way to make those "insignificant" dividend checks add up to *thousands* of *extra* dollars;
- how to evaluate the benefits to the small investor of the Monthly Investment Plan of the New York Stock Exchange – and why THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE saves thousands of dollars *in excess* of what the MIP offers;
- how to take full advantage of a tax saving possible *only* with this investment technique, including a $40 annual "gift;"
- how to calculate true-annual interest costs . . . how to recognize the inherent savings losses in other "forced" savings programs . . . how to cope with high-pressure insurance and mutual fund salesmen . . . and much, much more.

In short, THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE offers a detailed, explicit, legal method to beat the "high cost of saving" . . . a way to take *full* advantage of compound yield rates by learning how they actually apply to both capital appreciation *and* reinvested income.

What the Technique is NOT

The spectacular success of THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE does *not* require you to go deeply into debt. The *most* you ever owe when you borrow to save is the amount you decide to put aside in one calendar year. And, of course, while you pay off the loan, the money borrowed can be making money for you (in excess of your net interest expense). There's no "magic" here. You must stick to your guns and set your sights on the 10th Multiple. But – because of the built-in compulsory nature of the technique . . . because you'll be avoiding *all* the savings losses that have been costing you money . . . because you'll be working with a system that says "go ahead" instead of "wait" – your goal of building a substantial personal fortune may actually be within your reach!

Examine now—without obligation

If you're a beginning investor, THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE offers you an invaluable financial background explained in down-to-earth terms, and will give you the sophistication to avoid mistakes that would cost you thousands and thousands of dollars. And if you are an experienced investor, and can start immediately at the third or fourth Multiple ($8,000 or $16,000), you may be able to accelerate the rate of your personal investment growth far faster than you ever before thought possible.

Time *is* money – *especially* when you're taking full advantage of the wealth of practical information in THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE. Fill out the coupon now. If you aren't convinced that this is the most valuable book on personal investment you'll ever own, you may return it within two weeks for a full refund. Mail the coupon today

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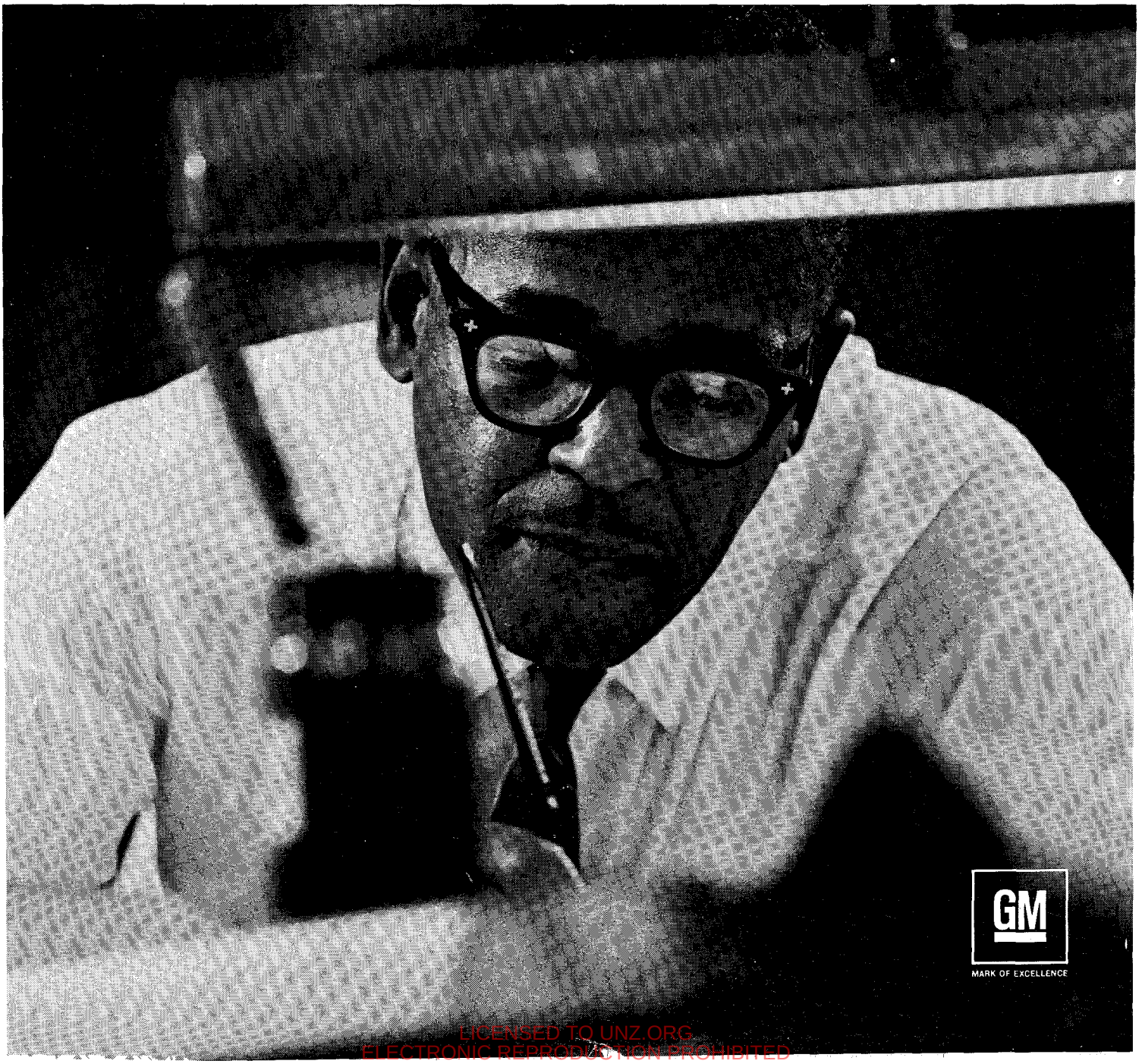
Benjamin H. Bouier, Jr., GM Manufacturing Development Staff, Warren, Michigan.



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LETTERS

(Continued from p. 1300)

in the 1880s (I am now eighty-seven years of age), our gifted soprano soloist was a well-trained musician, a former associate of Madam Nordica. Our fine baritone had been a soloist in a Chicago musical group. The cashier of the bank, a graduate of a German university, was a dedicated botanist who through the years analyzed and classified the flora of the Northwest and gave his knowledge to science. His son became one of Gifford Pinchot's "bright young men," who later little by little searched out and verified the route of the Lewis and Clark expedition through Montana and Idaho.

What eastern men forget apparently is that it was the strong men of their generations, sturdy both in body and in intellect, who had the courage and the initiative to push into the untouched areas of the West. They took their love of learning with them. They founded their schools just as men long before them had founded their Harvard and their Yale. They bequeathed to the following generations the same eagerness for knowledge that characterized their fathers.

Size, age, endowments and prestige are not the *sine qua non* of a great school, nor is every dedicated teacher found in such an institution. For thoroughness of instruction and breadth of outlook the colleges and universities of the West are in no way inferior to the scholastic institutions of the East.

MINNIE STEVENSON HUGHES

Medford, Ore.

Love-Objects

If Bishop Sheen really said "In the name of God who bade us love our neighbor with our whole heart and soul and mind. . ." and you quoted him [Sept. 5] without batting an eyelid then our social welfare-directed churches are succeeding in their brainwashing job. It is God we are to love in such a manner; we are to love our neighbors as ourselves.

MRS. EDWARD M. KANZLER

Cohasset, Mass.

Reclaimed

Somewhere between 1964 and 1967 I almost lost contact with conservatism. Then one day about two months ago, I picked up a copy of NATIONAL REVIEW. Your fabulous magazine is fully responsible for getting me back in the swing of things. I now have a subscription to *NR* and the *NR* Bulletin. The '68 election is very important to me, since my friends and I are now of voting age. I am going to do all I can to see that we conservatives pull through with a victory. I owe it all to NATIONAL REVIEW!

Coopersburg, Pa. THOMAS W. SWENSON

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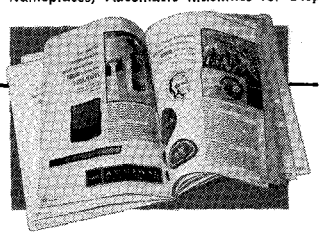

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AIR TRANSPORT WORLD
The Business Publication of Air Transport Management

New York Office:
342 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10017
Telephone (212) 867-6155

November 24, 1967

To: Corporate Management
(With ambition to expand)

From: John J. O'Leary
Asst. Publisher & Vice President

Subj: $13 billion

The airlines of the world will spend over $13 billion in 1968 for everything from whiskey to jet fuel - from aircraft to paper cups. Would you like to explore the possibility of your company participating in this zooming market?

We have no gimmicks or fancy presentations to show you - just some solid facts, information and know - how about the fastest growing industry in the world. You see, we were put in business by the airlines in 1964 - airlines are our only business. They know us and we know them.

Why not call me today for an exploratory conference? My number is (212) 867-6155. It could be a mighty important call!

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Are you a history drop-out? Do you just sit there like a ninny when the talk turns to Nasser? Is literacy possible after 35? Yes —with W.H. von Dreele's new book! Like, for example . . .

Understanding the Holy Land

In 1095, Pope Urban the Second
Decided the Holy Sepulcher beckoned;
He offered participants days of glory,
Plus a shortened stay in Purgatory.

That was the *First* Crusade. The Second
(This time it was Louis VII who beckoned)
Was lured astray by a glittering plum
Which it promptly swallowed: Byzantium.

Pope Gregory VIII urged on the Third,
But Saladin proved "the early bird."
Though Richard the First was terribly firm,
Jerusalem wound up Saladin's worm.

The Fourth Crusaders' rep is black,
Since Constantinople got the sack;
The Kids' Crusade is *most* unsavory,
Since lots of the tots were sold in slavery.

The Fifth? It flopped. The Sixth did, too.
The Seventh, despite the derring-do
Of Louis the Ninth (who went into hock),
Gave everything up at Antioch.

The Eighth petered out . . . *and then there was one*
(The Ninth), which faltered in 1291.
The Acre, the crucial citadel,
Finally, rendingly, crashingly fell.

From then until that Balfour chap
Decided to open his bloody yap,
The Jews and the Arabs (Semites, all)
Lived side-by-side near the Wailing Wall.

The camera buff on the right is one of 33 cartoons created by Mary Gauerke. She and von Dreele make a great team--and a perfect Christmas present for that history drop-out.

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The WEEK

● Mr. John P. Roche, President of the American Iron and Steel Institute, has been telling the world (and Congress) about the great problem of steel imports. Seems foreign steel is cheap. Why doesn't he tell it to Chief Consumer Betty Furness, who is in charge of getting things cheap? She would give him a gold star for his workbook, a beanie cap, and a Yo-yo. Imported.

● The special election in California's 11th C.D. followed the pattern of the previous week's elections and confirmed in turn a growing trend—when race is not involved, the election turns pretty much into a referendum on Vietnam, or, more exactly, Lyndon Johnson's handling of Vietnam. In California, it was Vietnam, and the voters gave the contest to the Republican dove, Paul N. McCloskey Jr., whose position on the war (de-escalate, negotiate) is virtually indistinguishable from that of the top Democratic contender, Roy Archibald. McCloskey's win over Shirley Temple Black, who placed second, suggests that the voters cannot be distracted from the issue that is uppermost in their minds; where Mrs. Black's campaign injected a famous name, her hawkishness combined with a congeries of lesser appeals (clean morals, lower taxes, feminism) to put her at a considerable disadvantage against McCloskey, an unknown who identified himself outspokenly with but one issue, the war.

● The best non-lethal weapon the police have against rioting mobs, according to the Institute of Defense Analyses, is the night-stick. But too many officers are undertrained in its use. So the inventive Institute has come up with a list of alternatives that sounds as if Frank Buck, Ian Fleming and Harpo Marx had put it together. Chemical sprays (irritants to inhibit malefactors, dyes to mark them for easy detection). Foam, to blanket mobbed areas (victims are "psychologically distressed by the loss of contact with the environment"). Tranquilizing darts. Nets, thrown by hand or dropped from above by helicopters. Itching-powder (for sit-ins). Plastic confetti sprinkled on the pavement (the old banana-peel principle). Glue, in globule pellet or spray form, to stick 'em all together. A water pistol with a pepper solution and a 35-foot range. The field is wide open. How about a police badge with a lapel button? So that: "I'll report you, you fascist brute!" and splat! right in the eye.

● We reported, last time out, a rumor that Treasury Secretary Fowler has had to issue gold guarantees for about $5 billion of U.S. debt held by Common Market governments. Last week we came across another report that tends to confirm the rumor. Finally we note Dr. Melchior Palyi's story about a retired European central bank president who refers to Secretary Fowler as "the potential grave-digger of the dollar." Gold, silver, and platinum look better than ever, needless to say.

● More trouble brewing for those committed to the war in Vietnam, and this time from a most unexpected quarter. Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart asked his colleagues last week to hear a case testing the legality of the undeclared war. He was voted down, as the Court stuck to its tradition of non-interference in such matters, but repercussions may come later. Justice Stewart is noted for his consistent opposition to new extensions of Court authority, so his startling dissent last week may influence the thinking of other justices when the next such case comes up for hearing. This time, Stewart's dissent was joined only by Justice William O. Douglas, who has been trying to get a war test on the docket since last spring.

● It is fine that those three American sergeants were freed by the Vietcong and are now back home; it only remains to find out how their liberation serves the enemy's purpose. One hint: VC representatives in Cambodia said that more prisoners will be returned if news reports of this release are "correctly written." A reporter asked Tom Hayden, the American leftist who escorted the men from Phnom Penh to New York (where he was met by, yes, Dr. Spock), whether this didn't smack of blackmail. Quoth the AP, "Hayden appeared hurt." Then there is the enemy's ostensible motive: to respond to the "good will expressed in favor of peace and justice by progressive American people." Are we to understand that more captives will be freed if there is more violence-for-peace at home? Meanwhile, we have yet to hear from the three sergeants—who so far have confined themselves to one rote-learned statement of thanks to their captors and Mr. Hayden for being freed—to discover whether they have, in fact, been returned whole.

● Some fine people remain in this country, as was seen November 11, Veterans Day. In Indianapolis, 6,000 civilian marchers joined an equal number of National Guardsmen in a memorial parade. In New

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York, 1,000 gathered for commemorative ceremonies in Madison Square Park. And in Johnsontown, Pa., citizens raised a flag above Sandyvale Cemetery, to fly day and night until the war in Vietnam ends. Said a city official, "It's Johnsontown's answer to the un-American demonstrations that erupted this year."

● A sharp jolt for those who claim that U.S. Vietnam policy is supported in Asia only by small client states wallowing in American aid. Aside from being the Asian economic miracle, populous Japan is contributing directly to the stability and development of the continent to the tune of $450 million a year in aid and overseas investment, including $100 million to launch the Asian Development Bank—and has a pretty independent perspective on Asia's problems. Prime Minister Eisaku Sato wound up a ten-nation tour in Washington thus: "I wish to express my deep respect to you, Mr. President, for the great efforts being made by the United States under your able leadership to bring peace and stability to the world, particularly in Asia at this moment." Sato is a moderate conservative. A few weeks ago Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kwan Yew, a moderate socialist, said much the same thing. Everything quite clear now?

● Europe's central banks had their usual autumnal whipround to get Britain out of hock. They raised $250 million, enough for Britain to pay back this year's installment on its loan from the IMF, which in turn was raised to pay off a loan from the central bankers. Next year no doubt, a loan from the IMF to pay back the central banks and so on in the classic pattern of the debt-ridden. Sterling has been under strain for weeks and the announcement of the new credits was timed to soften the impact of Britain's worst monthly trade figures ever—a $300 million deficit. Exports have been falling dismally throughout the year. The Labor government's promise to break even on the balance of payments this year has collapsed, to say nothing of the hope of setting aside a surplus to pay off international debts. Harold Wilson says the figures are meaningless because of the catastrophic dock strikes in London and Liverpool, which is like denying the meaning of a golf score because of all the balls you lost. Wilson's great "technological revolution" seems to have dwindled into vain efforts to play computers with France and the anaesthetizing of the coal industry with whiffs of North Sea gas.

● Reports of peace in Yemen have been much exaggerated. The new regime does want an end to the five-year-old civil war but refuses to allow a kingdom-or-republic plebiscite which the royalists demand as a condition of peace. Premier Aini and acting President Iryani are also reluctant to meet with the Imam or his family, apparently hoping to peel off his support by fixing separate deals with war-weary royalist tribes. To complicate the affair, the wiliest of the new Republican triumvirate, former Premier Ahmed Noman, is realistically prepared to meet the Imam halfway. As the Imam has been fighting ever since the monarchy was deposed, he is not likely to quit easily. But a plebiscite would solve little, as the losing side might not accept the result. The coup was agreed on in Khartoum last August between Nasser and Faisal of Saudi Arabia, who had been backing republicans and royalists respectively. The new Yemeni leaders were indeed released from house arrest in Cairo for the purpose. However, the big backers may find, as so often, that their protégés will not perform their allotted parts.

● Those Soviet labor camps, it appears, still exist but they do not yet have all modern conveniences. British seaman John Weatherly, jailed for eighteen months for getting drunk on shore leave in Leningrad and released under the jubilee amnesty, reports of his camp: "It was very bad there. It was labor all the time, no food. Plenty of people die there. I saw people die. Some of TB because they did not get enough to eat." Weatherly also said that the still imprisoned British lecturer Gerald Brooke was very ill and hinted that the KGB had refused to allow him medical aid. Sinyavsky and Daniel are also reported to have been denied treatment—they're still inside too. Some amnestees are more equal than others.

● Bleaker and bleaker grows the prospect for Britain's Labor government. With expected heavy winter unemployment to come, the pound sterling sank to a ten-year low recently. Labor disputes have fouled up docks and railroads, and Foreign Secretary George Brown's querulous tipsiness has given diplomacy its W. C. Fields. Voters showed their disapproval of the show by unseating Labor from two of its strongholds in by-elections, adding insult by electing the first Scottish Nationalist MP in twenty years. Harold Wilson hopes to divert the public and cheer his party by a bill to curb further the nigh defunct powers of the House of Lords. Britons are wildly unexcited.

● Guest Editorial: Mr. Hays (Wayne, D. Ohio, *Congressional Record*, p. H 12748): "Mr. Speaker, I read in the press that the University of Virginia had asked the Prime Minister of Rhodesia to come there to make a speech, and it was suggested that he would not be granted a visa. I have taken this matter up with the State Department. I do not necessarily agree with the Prime Minister of Rhodesia on his position, but I do think he has the right to express his opinion. I have told the State Department that if they do not give him a visa, I would like to have them come be-

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fore my subcommittee and explain why they would give a passport to Stokely Carmichael but not a visa to Ian Smith."

● Is it Lady Macbeth or Lady MacBird throwing the cues in this new passion of the Vietniks for symbolic bloodletting? Recently in Baltimore the militant pacifist priest Fr. Philip Berrigan stuck a butcher's duck for some blood and with the help of some confreres tossed it into the filing cabinets at Selective Service headquarters. Last week, according to AP, at the University of Iowa, "fifty students and teachers gave a few ounces of their blood, then carried it to the [Iowa Memorial] Union in paper cups to splash it on the steps." They also presented petitions against Marine recruiters on campus, signed in blood. Seems a mite sticky.

● The fireman's lot is not a happy one—especially in New York City, where firemen were shot at nine times and attacked with stones and bottles seventy times last summer. (It was worse in Newark and Detroit, where firemen seemed to be the snipers' targets.) So the men in the ranks have asked that the city provide them with bullet-proof clothing. It's "under study," said the Fire Commissioner, just a day after he issued an order forbidding the display of the American flag on fire apparatus.

● In July 1967 the position of Associate Director for the Yonkers (N.Y.) Community Action Program became available. Two men applied for the job. One had unquestioned experience, adequate credentials, the required training, and the confidence of his colleagues. The other had less experience, questionable credentials, inadequate training. The second was chosen, on grounds of race. The first filed suit against CAP for violating the equal-employment terms of New York law. The case has been cleared for public hearing, and it looks as if the State Commission for Human Rights is going to have to grant Mr. Ronald J. Kase his legal rights, even though he is white.

● Stokely Carmichael, in Dar es Salaam after a couple of weeks with Ho Chi Minh across the water, accused Negro African leaders of failing to fight the fight, and instead roaming the world in Mercedes Benzes with Peace Corps girls as their consorts. African leaders are, he said, worse than white men: "They are traitors, clowns, and cheats playing with people's lives. They disgust me, African leaders disgust me." Carmichael urged them to get guns (by killing the armed policemen and soldiers) and start shooting. Africans, he said, "must learn to hate and fight." A few more declarations on that order, and old Stoke will be up for a Nobel Peace Prize. Just you wait and see.

● The theory that mass-circulation media not only report news but also make it gets another boost with *Newsweek's* adoption of "advocacy," a new format which allows its editors openly to make judgments on the issues (in the premier instance "The Negro in America") instead of, as editor Osborn Elliott puts it, "simply reporting what X thinks of Y, and why Z disagrees." As if anyone had ever conceived it *Newsweek*'s function to "simply report"; you do not get to be a shaker among the mighty and runner-up to that opinionating monolith *Time* by simply reporting Xs and Ys—which truth *Time* itself affirmed not long ago by instituting the *Time Essay*. So now *Newsweek* will openly Advocate and *Time* will freely Essay and air pollution will go on forever.

On the Electoral Wind

One prediction about off-year elections is always safe: that the Democratic National Chairman will find in them an augury of Democratic victory next year, and the Republican National Chairman an equally unmistakable augury of Republican victory. That is what the chairmen are paid for, and Democrat John M. Bailey (the Democrats' successes "foreshadow greater victories to follow, including the big one a year from now") and Republican Ray C. Bliss ("results from Kentucky and New Jersey show very clearly that the upsurge in Republican strength which began in 1966 is continuing") came through on schedule.

This time the Republican has, without much question, the better case. In both Kentucky and New Jersey the Republican candidates deliberately made the Johnson regime in Washington rather than local issues the target of their campaigns. The result was Kentucky's first Republican governor in 43 years and an overwhelming shift in the New Jersey legislature from 2-1 Democratic to 3-1 Republican. In Mississippi John Bell Williams became governor on a nominally Democratic ticket, but Williams was for Goldwater in 1964, and more fiercely anti-Johnson, by far, than his defeated Republican opponent, Rubel Phillips. In Louisiana incumbent governor John J. McKeithen, who swept the Democratic primary and will be unopposed in the April election, remarked, in connection with an argument over the right to use the official Democratic rooster emblem next November, that he didn't care in the least, since "the best way to get Johnson defeated is to see that his name gets on the ballot and perhaps underline it."

True, the Democrats carried the biggest of the city mayoralty elections with victories in Baltimore, Cleveland, Gary and Philadelphia and a win for a Democrat, Kevin White, in Boston's formally nonpartisan contest. But they could get comfort only from their Baltimore sweep. The other four cities

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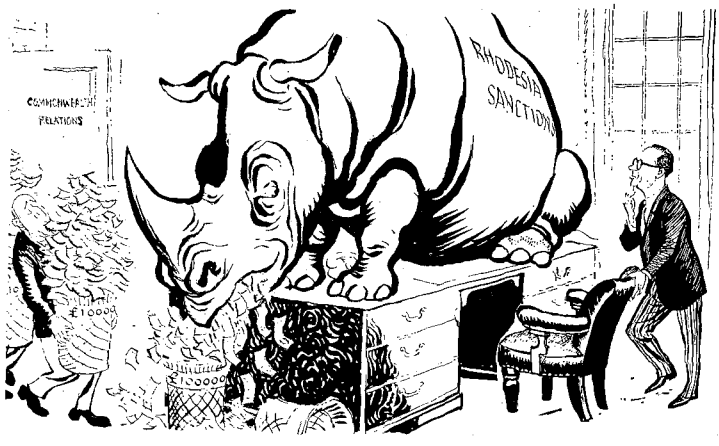
have long been Democratic fortresses, with 3-1 or 4-1 Democratic preponderance in voter registration. The margin this year was paper-thin.

The elections thus confirm in their way the news from the latest opinion polls that Lyndon Johnson, and with him by osmosis his party, are in bad trouble. Harris on November 13 reported an all-time low of 23 per cent have confidence in the President, and Gallup shows a dizzying fall.

The elections in Gary, Cleveland and Boston are of course being minutely studied for what they show about the electoral effect of the racial issue. If they are typical of the northern cities with large Negro populations—and there is no reason to doubt that they are—they prove: a) the Negroes have become activized electorally, get out to vote, and shape up as an almost solid Negro bloc when a Negro candidate (Gary, Cleveland) or racially touchy issue (busing in Boston) is present; b) there is a strong white backlash overleaping party boundaries, but not strong enough to produce a solid white bloc comparable to the Negro bloc; 3) Johnson and the national Democratic Party aim to keep the Negro bloc in their corral, even where the local Democratic chiefs break with it (as in Gary), as was manifest by their strenuous support of the successful Negro candidates in Gary and Cleveland. It seems likely that the electoral victories of Richard Hatcher and Carl Stokes will tend, for the time being at least, to reduce the influence of the extreme Black Power advocates. In Gary and Cleveland the national Negro community has what appears as proof that a peaceful and lawful road up is open for Negroes also within the American system. How long this impression lasts will depend to a considerable extent on what Messrs. Stokes and Hatcher make of their new powers and responsibilities. (Does the election of Negroes as mayors in these two cities mean, as it has proved, for example, to mean in the case of the Manhattan Borough Presidency, that henceforward these offices become automatically Negro monopolies? It may well be. Granted the solidity of the Negro bloc, nomination of a white candidate by either party would necessarily turn a campaign into a fierce and open racial battle that neither party would dare to risk.)

One other note. In Philadelphia a neo-Lindsay, the progressive, forward-looking, moderate Republican candidate, Arlen Specter, failed to turn out of office the incumbent Democratic mayor James H. J. Tate, an old-line hack with an unmixed record of incompetence and failure. Specter was given the Lochinvar buildup by the national as well as local media, but he flopped. Perhaps Lindsayism, in spite of the fanfare, doesn't have all that much future.



Daily Mail, London — Ben Roth Agency

Still in the 'IN' Tray

A Fine Irish Hand?

Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, ADA Chairman, presented to his fellow citizens, from the lead position of the November 12 issue of the *New York Times Magazine*, a modest proposal entitled, "The Galbraith Plan to End the War." In outline: 1) "Our involvement in Vietnam was the result of a massive miscalculation—perhaps the worst in our history." We intervened thinking "we were 'responding' to a centrally directed conspiracy," but in truth no such thing existed. In Vietnam—in all Vietnam, North and South—there is only a fervent "indigenously motivated nationalism led by Communists" who control not only the North but virtually all the South outside the few large cities. 2) "The American presence, wherever it appears [Galbraith has never been one to stint on generalizations], makes the earlier British or French colonialism seem almost subtle by contrast." 3) By our conflict against Vietnamese nationalism "we are in a war that we cannot and should not wish to win." 4) "Public opinion in the United States is now turning very strongly against the war." 5) "Even more serious . . . the defenders of the war are increasingly either conservative Republicans, conservative Democrats or the military." 6) So, there must be, "first . . . a revision of our objectives." 7) "In step . . . must go the appropriate adjustment of our military operations. . . . This means, of course, that we stop the bombing north of the parallel and withdraw from exposed positions in South Vietnam—and do so permanently. But we also stop the bombardment of suspected centers of Vietcong concentration or command in the South and the costly search-and-destroy operations designed to eliminate their power. We now concede the continuing authority of the NLF in the areas it controls." 8) "A further step is to put ourself [*sic*] in a position to negotiate." 9) "We must be prepared to defend for the time being the limited areas that are now secure and that are reasonably subject to such defense. These will be mostly the large cities." 10) "We will no

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longer have to support military governments." 11) "We could at this stage press for a reconvening of the Geneva conference." 12) "We should be prepared to grant asylum, along with free passage and help in rehabilitation, to any Vietnamese who feel threatened in their native land." 13) "I do not take seriously the menace of the falling dominoes." 14) "There is merit in finding the most palatable way of reversing course."

Prof. Galbraith has, that is to say, translated into higher-toned rhetoric the substance of the more extreme Vietnik contentions and demands which, in turn, are not readily distinguishable from Hanoi's. Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy, to whom the *Times* allotted a small space for rebuttal, points out how "little connection" Galbraith's allegations have "with reality, and particularly with the best evidence on the degree of Vietcong control within South Vietnam . . . now substantially less than 20 per cent of the population." This fact alone makes nonsense of the Galbraith program of withdrawal and passive defense, not to speak of his project for "granting asylum . . . to any Vietnamese who feel threatened." (Over a million in the North felt sufficiently threatened when Ho took over to seek asylum in the South. These would be only the first contingent of the millions now in the South for whom our Immigration Service would have to get ready on adoption of the Galbraith Plan.) Mr. Bundy sums up mildly: "Apparently the professor has a limited knowledge of the geography of the area and the actual situation. . . . Let no reader mistake Prof. Galbraith's proposal for anything but a thinly disguised proposal for withdrawal." In his final point—"There is merit in finding the most palatable way of reversing course"—Prof. G. readily admits as much.

Professor Galbraith has in reality nothing new to say and there is no particular interest in re-arguing this over-grazed ground. But the big-time public launching of his Plan does raise a piquant question. Galbraith is a part of the Kennedy operation. Some months ago Bobby Kennedy toned down his public criticism of the President on Vietnam policy and in general. But in these same months the intellectual outriders of Clan Kennedy—Arthur Schlesinger, Richard Goodwin, Theodore Sorensen and sundry lesser professors along with Galbraith—have mounted an accelerating campaign against the President's Vietnam policy, now stepped up another notch by this Galbraith Plan. It is implausible, almost inconceivable, that they would be doing so if Bobby had asked them not to; they must be acting with at least implicit accord from Bobby. And whatever effect the campaign has must necessarily be to the political injury of Lyndon Johnson. How come?

One answer and about the only answer that suggests itself is that Bobby, while preserving through silence his own posture of loyalty toward his President and party chief, is actually working toward Lyndon Johnson's defeat in next year's election. If Mr. Johnson is discredited and defeated, there can be no doubt who will pick up the battered pieces of the Democratic Party.

Harold Wilson Blows His Bloody Top

Well, God, it's *awkward*. Every bloody ship
Is forced to sail around the bloody Cape!
Damn all Egyptians. (If I were to whip
A squadron into reasonable shape . . .)
Was Eden *right*? Ye gods, I've often wondered.
Imagine Suez British! Aden, ours!
Disraeli would have managed it; I blundered.
(This is *not* one of England's finest hours.)
Will everybody kindly *quiet down*?
Apparently de Gaulle will live *forever*.
He thinks he's Charlemagne! (I'd like to crown
His Majesty the next time he says "never.")
Damn Ian Smith. Damn Franco! (By the way,
Let's get this straight right now: Gibraltar's *mine*.)
Must *everything* be "Made In U. S. A."?
Where is my tea? No! I shall *not* resign.

W. H. VON DREELE

Outward Bound

In a convincing article in the *New York Times*, the military analyst Hanson Baldwin shows that Soviet military power has begun a basic strategic transformation of world-historical importance. Starting with a military establishment equipped and organized primarily for defense of its own frontiers, Moscow "has adopted a global strategic concept." Its military structures and doctrine are becoming "outward-looking," based on "the infinity of space and the high seas."

In the past the Soviet Union did not have the means for bringing substantial military power to bear quickly at a distance from its borders. This inevitably weakened its global interventions, and deprived them of flexibility. One after another development of recent years has symbolized Soviet determination to cross this strategic gap. It now has its own analogue of our Sixth Fleet operating in the Mediterranean. Its merchant marine, research ships and trawlers, many of them paramilitary in equipment and function, are in every ocean. Its submarine fleet has become the world's largest. Its long-range aircraft can reach any continent. A few weeks ago the disclosure came that the first Soviet aircraft carrier will soon be under construction. "The architects of modern Soviet maritime power," Baldwin sums up, "appear to have adopted the doctrines and the theories of Alfred Thayer Mahan, the American apostle of sea power. Soviet sea power today is no longer a shoal-water, land-locked force; it is looking outward upon all the oceans of the world and has become an important factor in future history." In the ocean of

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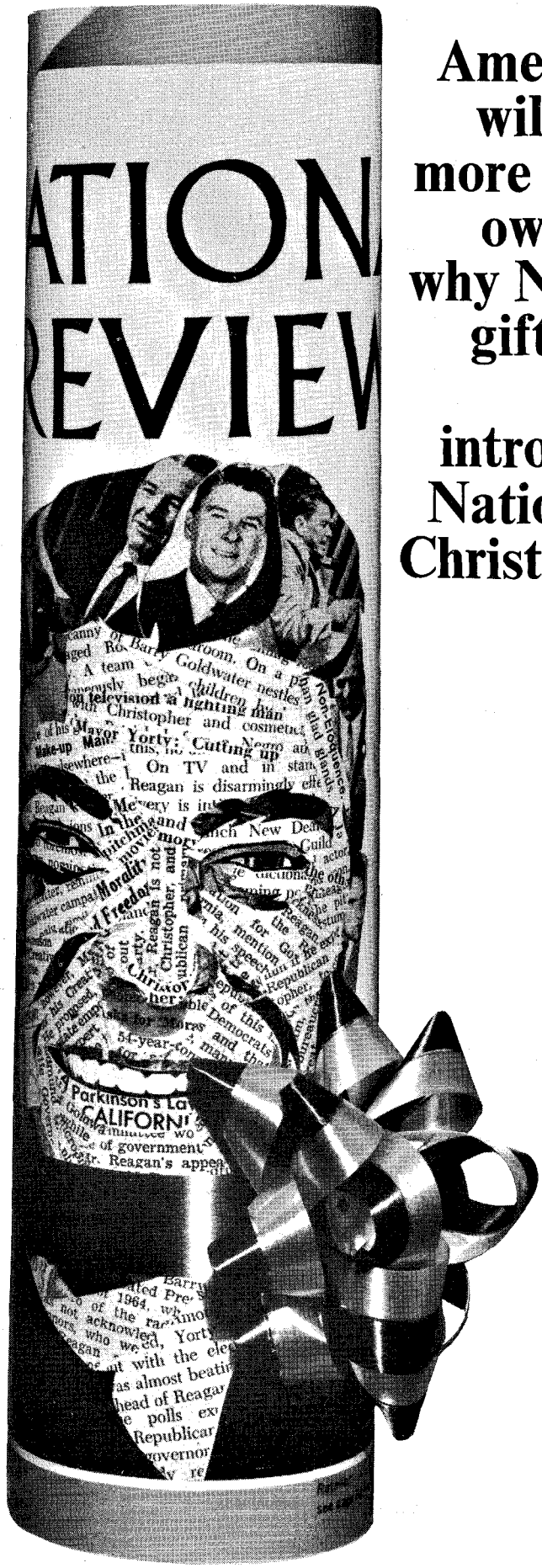

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space, the spectacular Soviet achievements also point toward a growing future potential for bringing power directly to bear anywhere on earth, around the earth and on out to the moon and planets.

The Soviet long-range capability is still minor compared to what our presently incomparable naval and air forces give us, as Vietnam once more witnesses. But in military history, it is the direction of development, the trend, that counts. "The military power of Soviet Russia," Baldwin notes, "is based on a large and increasing population, the greatest land mass on earth, rich natural resources and an expanding industrial base." Mr. Baldwin's conclusion is not an exaggeration: "The United States faces a sweeping challenge to its military supremacy." It is not easy to see how a nuclear non-proliferation treaty —the chief present goal of U.S. global policy—is going to help to meet that challenge.

The Conservatives Crash the Gates

The elections of November 7 gave final proof that the Conservative Party of New York has come of age. Founded in 1961 as a counterweight against the Liberal Party, the Conservative Party has grown steadily, even shockingly, despite the initially averted gaze, then ridicule, then panicked hostility of the other parties. (Incidentally, the pre-existence of multiparty politics in New York provided the excuse for conservatives, who otherwise must support the two-party system, to enter into multiparty politics on their own.)

In 1965 the Conservatives ran Wm. F. Buckley Jr. for mayor of New York and pulled about 13 per cent of the vote—enough to swing an election, but the pols tried to explain it away on the grounds of the candidate's "personality." In 1966 Dean Paul Adams, politically unknown, defeated Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., and did it so convincingly that he actually outpolled the Liberals, and thus the Conservatives gained the No. 3 spot on the ballot. A "fluke," they said.

Now comes 1967, and no fluke. In Suffolk County the Conservatives polled almost 20 per cent of the vote (Buckley got 13, remember). Elsewhere on Long Island, two conservatives won outright (with endorsement by other parties). In Queens County, the Conservative candidate for judge pulled 18 per cent all alone on Line C. In suburban Westchester, the Conservative endorsement provided the victory margin in eleven races.

In Rochester there was a proposition to abolish the councilmanic districts. The Republican, Democratic, and Liberal parties supported it. The Conservatives opposed it. The people voted it down, 60 to 40. Upstate in Saratoga County, in the town of Waterford, the Conservatives endorsed six candidates for town council. All six won, three of them by virtue of the Conservative vote. As a result the Citizens Party (read: Democrat) has lost control of the Town Council for the first time in 45 years. They are reported to be in shock. The result is all the more intriguing because word had come down from state GOP headquarters to Saratoga County: Do Not Accept Conservative Endorsement. Waterford Republicans flouted the state GOP and went on to victory. An interesting insight into the suicidal anti-conservatism of the New York GOP HQ.

And on and on. The upstate returns aren't all in yet, but the political professionals are already making their calculations for 1968. It would appear that the little party founded six years ago by three young men with brains and principles will exert, in 1968, a controlling influence in one-third to one-half of all the political contests in New York State. It's the political miracle of the century, even though it has one drawback. It may be harder to find Conservative candidates. As of 1968 and afterward, they'll run the risk of getting elected.

Rush to 'Jugement'

Charles de Gaulle has apparently taken a ticket in the who-killed-Kennedy lottery as a fresh demonstration of his Anglo-Saxophobia. The French President (in a new biography) is alleged to have said after the assassination that "the police did the job or they ordered it done, or else they let it happen." Oswald was a front man whom the police blackmailed Ruby into liquidating. And so, with a good deal of aphorizing about racial hatred and tensions between the oppressors and the down-trodden, on. "America," de Gaulle apparently believes, "is becoming less and less a stable country that can be relied on. It is returning to its old demons." Many feel that this criticism could more legitimately be made of Gaullist France. The General's terms for Britain's entry into the European Common Market become daily stiffer. After Britain agreed to meet France's first stipulations and the other five EEC nations saw no insurmountable obstacle, Foreign Minister Couve de Murville was hurriedly dispatched to Luxembourg to demand that Britain abandon the reserve role of sterling and, probably, devalue the pound before even starting to negotiate with the EEC. Then there was Quebec. But de Gaulle's xenophobia is not confined to Anglo-Saxons. He has bitterly offended Spain by his visit to Andorra where he refused to share the limelight of the tiny state with his co-prince, the Spanish Bishop of Urgel, and made everybody sing the "Marseillaise." On his Polish visit he infuriated the West Germans by not merely recognizing the Oder-Neisse as a political boundary but also endorsing the lost East Prussian territories as "profoundly Polish"—which shallow ethnographic judgment has

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Republicans here are becoming increasingly bullish, or perhaps elephantine would be a better word, about the possibility of a GOP sweep in 1968. The results of the off-year elections earlier this month are the most recent proof offered by GOP officials that next year will be their year. Look at Louie Nunn in Kentucky, they assert; a 3-1 Democratic advantage in registration and Nunn (a conservative Republican) *still* won the governorship. Consider New Jersey; they won back control of *both* houses of the state legislature. Add up our votes in the key mayoralty contests, they declare; although we lost in Philadelphia, Cleveland and Gary, Ind., those are all strong Democratic cities and we came within a tusk's point of winning all three races. And we did win, they add exultingly, in Indianapolis, Hartford, Macon, Ga. and, of all places, Birmingham, Alabama. (In the latter city, George Seibels, the victor, garnered over 40 per cent of the Negro vote in a major breakthrough for a Republican in a Southern metropolitan area.)

Looking ahead, GOP analysts reason thusly: 1) Republicans now have 186 seats, need only 31 more to gain control of the House of Representatives. With LBJ's popularity down, widespread restlessness among the electorate, and a bickering, divided Democratic Party, Republicans could easily pick up those 31 seats—with the right Presidential ticket. 2) Republicans now have 36 seats in the Senate, need fifteen more seats to run the upper house. On its numerical surface, such a shift seems highly improbable, but 34 senators are up for re-election, including 23 Democrats, many of whom are prime targets for political retirement. Among them are Brewster of Maryland, Clark of Pennsylvania, Hayden of Arizona, Long of Missouri, Nelson of Wisconsin, and Smathers of Florida (if the latter chooses not to run). 3) There are 26 Republican governors, occupying the Statehouses in California, Florida, Massachusetts, Michigan, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin—all population centers. This is Political Power Plus, which can decisively help congressional candidates, senatorial candidates and a Presidential candidate.

◆ Most political experts share the opinion of the three Republican campaign committees that 1968 can be the Year of the Elephant, but there is no unanimity, inside or outside the party, as to who the mahout should be. Everyone agrees that today, more than three months before the first primary, all you can do is speculate Which everyone does day in and day out, suggesting that as of now, *no* one can be counted out. Any of those about whom there is so much speculation can win it: Nixon, Romney, Reagan, Rockefeller or Percy. When will we begin to know who is out and who is in? Mark down April 2 on your calendar. That is the day after the Wisconsin primary, the results of which, along with those in New Hampshire, should be significant enough to eliminate one or more of the above.

But almost certainly not Reagan of California, who recently drew an enormous crowd of many of the most important reporters, columnists and bureau chiefs in Washington, along with most of the top conservatives, including Senator Strom Thurmond, in the Capitol. The occasion was not a personal appearance by the Governor but the publication of the first full-length book about him, entitled *Reagan: A Political Biography*. The author is Lee Edwards, who directed Barry Goldwater's public relations through the 1964 convention. After looking around the jam-packed Gallery in Georgetown at the representatives from the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Look* Magazine, the *Chicago Tribune*, *New York Daily News*, AP, UPI, plus columnists Robert Novak, Holmes Alexander, Clark Mollenhoff and Don MacLean, one observer remarked: "If this many people turn out for a book about him, they'd need D.C. Stadium if he gave a speech."

—CATO

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set scholarly Germans hopping mad.

This aging Charlemagne now calls for the recognition of three European zones, West, Central, Eastern, which should first unite internally before joining to form a Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals. Commentators have made acid comparisons with Julius Caesar's tripartite analysis of the Gallic power structure but de Gaulle's division is more like the partition of the Holy Roman Empire after Charlemagne's death. And that led to a heap of trouble.

What Israel Wants

Israel's peace conditions are taking on the hardness if not the clarity of crystal. While the Security Council was pondering the exact status of its proposed special representative, Israel affirmed that she would not talk to anyone who insisted on a return to prewar boundaries or who did not recognize Israel as a sovereign state. Meanwhile back in the Knesset, through the usual opaqueness of Premier Eshkol, degrees of unbudgeability could be discerned:

1. *East Jerusalem*:—already integrated into Israel and not negotiable tender in any conceivable bargaining.

2. *Gaza Strip and the West Bank of the Jordan*:—though Egyptian and Jordanian occupation has been recognized in the 1949 Armistice, this was only as a result of "military aggression" (what about the present Israeli occupation? That's a liberation, says Esh-

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kol). Exact status of these territories discussable by implication only in context of wider settlement, including recognition of Israel.

3. *Sinai, Gulf of Elath, Suez Canal, Golan Heights*: —"We shall not permit the situation to be restored to what it was." Translate perhaps—we don't want the burden of administering more deserts and the refugees therein, but we do insist on guarantees of demilitarization of these areas in exchange for return to previous owners, also right of free maritime passage.

There the matter rests, and it looks like resting thereabouts until the Egyptians weary of popping off the new toys Mr. Kosygin gave them and start counting their oil refineries instead.

Notes & Asides

Every three months, the senior editors of this journal convene to consider how to improve NATIONAL REVIEW. I regret to announce ("I" am WFB) that at the last such meeting, it was unanimously agreed that the magazine could be improved by eliminating my own column. The reasoning was that the column is pretty generally circulated nowadays so that the probability is that most readers, coming on it in *NR* a few days after reading it in their local newspaper, will feel a sense of *déjà vu* which just possibly could contaminate some of the rest of the magazine. The thought was, then, to suspend the column entirely and, instead, to write a few random thoughts under the rubric of "Notes & Asides," and see how it goes. How is it going?

First, a report on the newest patriotic committee, the National Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson, launched by a few patriots as the only appropriate response to Mr. Pearson's slurs on Shirley Temple, and his willingness to sacrifice the future of two families in order to make a cheap sensationalist point involving Ronald Reagan. Well, the Committee is off to a flying start. Membership badges and buttons are offered at $2.00 (Write to "Horsewhip Drew Pearson," 150 E. 35th St., New York 10016.) As I write, the button is being forged in the factory, and early next week will be mailed out to what is likely to become the largest nonpartisan committee in the United States. Typical responses are "Delighted to join!" (Mr. E.V.C., Mechanicsburg, Ohio). "Thanks so much for this new and sorely needed committee. You've made it *fun* to be patriotic again!" (Mrs. M.R.H., San Diego, California). Mrs. T.S.L. from Clearwater, Florida sends $10 "for my membership and perhaps some needy students." Needy students, no Californians considered, please apply. Address: Scholarship Dept., Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson, address above. We shall keep you posted, and meanwhile, don't forget to wear your buttons at all public gatherings. A committee of Quakers visited us yesterday petitioning us to produce a second, luminous button, so as to keep the Committee's goal visible at all times. The Executive Committee will consider the economic feasibility of the request, and report back in due course.

The whole Reagan business, by the way, recalls the experience of Senator Goldwater four years ago, who was treated amiably enough until it suddenly dawned on the opinion-making community that he was actually contending for the Presidency. That is when it was concluded that he wished to abolish social security, flood the Tennessee Valley, and defoliate Vietnam with atom bombs. So is it threatening to go for Ronald Reagan. Mr. Pete Hamill, a literate columnist for *Newsday*, writes from Washington about what "the Republicans are offering. Romney (whose position remains fuzzy), Reagan (who wants to use the hydrogen bomb) and Nixon . . ." Get it? Not *every*body knew that Reagan was in favor of using the hydrogen bomb in Vietnam. But before long, everybody will know that he is in favor of using the hydrogen bomb in Vietnam, indeed everybody will be able to refer to that position of Mr. Reagan quite parenthetically, like Mr. Hamill. And on the Repression Front, note that a professor at Yale University has demanded that the invitation to Governor Ronald Reagan to visit Yale as a Chubb Fellow be rescinded. In the name of Free Speech. Get it?

And a sad note. Mr. Benjamin Mandel, for so many years the research director of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, has retired. He was the last of the old guard anti-Communist functionaries whose great memories and meticulous research kept the anti-Communist movement in the Federal Government fueled with the facts needed to operate a successful security system. Ben Mandel was once a Communist himself, indeed it was he who signed the membership card given to Whittaker Chambers. His atonement was early, and complete. For years he worked for congressional committees doing what he could to research the facts responsibly. His great disappointment is that our free society has not succeeded in drafting a law which effectively distinguishes between the rights to freedom of those who wish to preserve freedom, and the rights of those who conspire against freedom. He will be sorely missed, and all of us at NATIONAL REVIEW wish him and Mrs. Mandel a happy old age in a climate to whose security he contributed so heavily.

And finally, the winner of the 50th Anniversary Quiz [Oct. 31]: Mr. Lawrence Pratt, of Cabin John, Maryland, who scored 155 points out of 215 possible—very good indeed. Mr. Pratt liked our quiz, as did others. We shall have more of them, if you like. —WFB

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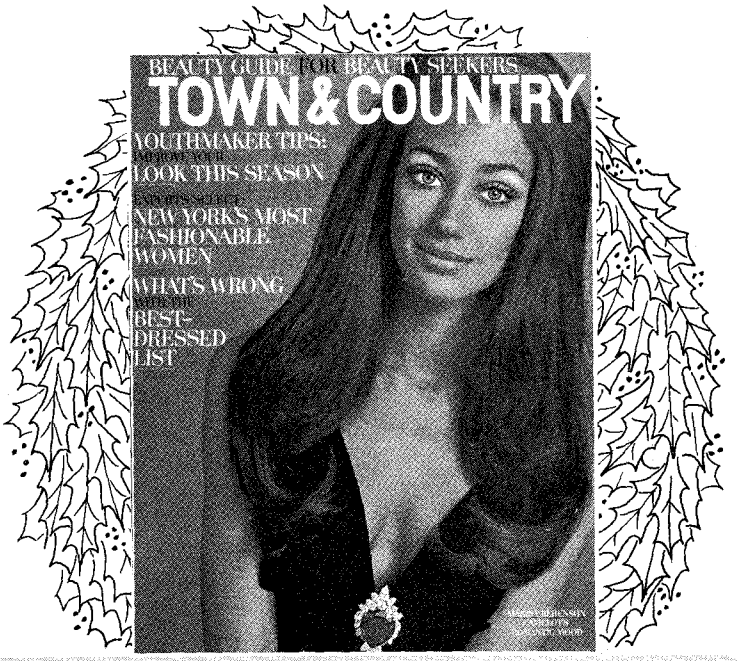
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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Who Rules Aerospace . . .

Last winter I predicted (March 7, 1967) that "as a result of the present agitation we are probably going to get some kind of anti-missile system," and I added my judgment that "the best case can be made for a deployment designed to help defend our own missiles." Two months ago Defense Secretary McNamara announced the decision to deploy a "thin" system, primarily for defense against the Chinese missile threat expected during the Seventies. At least some of the installations will be located to protect our missile sites.

Burnham

McNamara made his announcement without enthusiasm. He spent more time explaining why he still opposed a large-scale deployment oriented against a Soviet attack (because, essentially, it would be ineffective) than in justifying his decision for the thin. It seems likely that this quarter-of-a-loaf concession was forced by the pressure of critics, not by any change in the Secretary's views. Pentagon publicity since his statement has been more cheerful about what can be hoped for from "Sentinel," (as the ABM system will be called), but the anti-McNamarians are not going to be content with this morsel. The campaign for a full-scale deployment will continue and enlarge, since everyone will want to get under the umbrella.

The steam that powers this campaign is the natural wish of the citizens to be protected against sudden death from the skies. Anti-missile systems in their present stage of development, however, cannot provide significant direct protection for the lives of the citizens in the case of a massive attack. At most, they may be able to help protect the lives of our missiles.

It seems odd to say that it is more important to protect our missiles than our citizens, but for the time being that is true: true, because the only way to protect the citizens, for the time being, is by protecting the missiles.

Save Our Missiles

A defensive system that could promise the survival of 20 per cent—or 40 or even 80 per cent—of the people within each heavily populated region would be strategically useless: no government can adopt a deliberate policy based on acceptance of that scale of immediate casualties; in fact, a nation would disintegrate from such a blow, and the whole concept of "national defense" would become meaningless. But a 20 per cent survival rate for the missiles within each region heavily populated by missiles would be good enough, and an anti-missile system designed primarily for missile protection might help assure that minimum. That and the chance for Deweyite "learning-by-doing" experiment are the only objective justification for even the thin deployment now decided on.

It is not inconceivable that some day someone is going to devise a defensive system against missiles that will work for direct population defense—which must mean, to be significant, that it will be able to stop all or very nearly all enemy missiles. Maybe a laser application or some kind of general radiation screen will do it. But nothing the Russians or we or anyone else have at present qualifies. Therefore we and they must continue to rely on mutual deterrence, the essential principle of which Mr. McNamara once more summarized in his November 3 statement concerning the Soviet "fractional orbital bombardment system" (FOBS): "Our deterrent rests upon our ability to absorb any surprise nuclear attack and to retaliate with sufficient strength to destroy the attacking nation as a viable society."

The deterrent, then, is not a material thing—not a shield, wall, barricade, moat or fortress—and not even a band of stalwart men ready to block an invader. The deterrent is an abstract and complicated mathematical function. A mathematical function cannot satisfy either the emotion of fear or the instinct of survival.

FOBS As Portent

The November 3 speech was an example of the best and worst of McNamara's mind. The reasoning through which he concluded that FOBS posed no critical new threat and could be handled by the existing deterrent equations was logically impeccable—granted the frame of reference within which his logic was deployed. But as is often the case with this brilliant man, he refused, either by deliberate intent or lack of imagination, to glance beyond his frame.

The Soviet FOBS, as McNamara demonstrated, is relatively unimportant within the global strategic structure of land, sea and aircraft-based ballistic missiles that now exists. But in the new dimension that opens out when we look beyond McNamara's frame, FOBS acquires vast significance as a portent of the aerospace weapons system which, within a decade, may and probably will replace our present structure as the decisive strategic force. I quoted some time ago (*NR*, Oct. 8, 1963) from an Air Force estimate of what such a shift might mean:

"Assume, for example, that one nation over a period of time builds in great secrecy and then suddenly launches an overwhelming force of spacecraft that have significant offensive bombing and interception capability. Assume that elements of this space-alert force are over-flying the second nation at all times—in fact, they are patrolling its skies.

"Under these postulated conditions the second country's strategic retaliatory power is to a significant degree pre-empted. . . . The political-psychological impact of such a space-borne force on the leadership and populace of the second nation would probably cause fundamental accommodation of its national objectives to those of the first nation."

The energy now being devoted to the campaign for ineffective anti-missile defenses sure to be outmoded before they are ready for use might be more fruitfully expended on a demand for full speed ahead in the battle for aerospace.

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Focus on Kentucky

The Loser Was LBJ

PHILIP ARDERY JR.

What we had November 7 were off-year elections. Their main interest is what they can tell us about the political year ahead. The much ballyhooed municipal elections are the least helpful in this respect because, by their very nature, the issues are personal and local. Gary and Cleveland showed that Northern Negroes will vote in blocs for Negro candidates, and that Northern whites will vote in blocs against them, but that the white vote is not as solid as the black. Boston showed that Bostonians will sacrifice almost, but not quite, everything to keep their neighborhood schools. Louise Day Hicks, a stocky grandmother of questionable administrative capabilities, ran against Kevin White, Teddy Kennedy, and Human Kindness and won 47 per cent of the vote in a non-party contest. These elections were exciting but not very illuminating as an index to next year, since, among other things, neither of the major parties will nominate a Negro or a grandmother for President.

Kentucky Bellwether

There were two gubernatorial elections, in Mississippi and in Kentucky, and in the first of these the overriding issue again was a local one. Democrat John Bell Williams won because, as the saying goes, he "outsegged" his opponent. That leaves Kentucky, and in this race there were strong national overtones and, indeed, cause for jubilation among conservative Republicans looking ahead to 1968. The winner of that election was Louie B. Nunn, a 43-year-old lawyer from Glascow, Kentucky, who was an unsuccessful candidate for governor four years ago and who, in the interim, has tempered his populism into something close to genuine conservatism. His opponent was 57-year-old Henry Ward, the honest but colorless highway commissioner in the outgoing administration (Kentucky law prohibits governors from succeeding themselves), trying to maintain the Democratic lock on the statehouse which has held firm for the past 24 years. Ward was heavily favored at the outset, not just because of Democratic traditions in the state, but because the Republican primary, matching Nunn against liberal Marlow Cook, was unusually bitter and seemed to have split the GOP. Cook was backed openly by Senator John Sherman Cooper, the state's most popular and influential political figure, and Nunn was attacked by Senator Cooper and others for capitalizing on his opponent's Catholicism. Nunn did indeed benefit from anti-Catholic votes, but the decisive factor was Cook's reputation as a "me-too" Republican. The primary vote showed that Kentuckians wanted a real change in state government.

When the main campaign got rolling, Ward, having tested the political winds, decided he would do best to become that almost unheard-of political anomaly, the "me-too" Democrat. He followed Nunn's lead on most major issues (both candidates, for example, promised to jail Rap Brown should he make an inflammatory incursion into Kentucky), and made sure that little would distinguish him from his opponent except party affiliation. Any other year, this would have worked to the advantage of the Democrat, but not so in 1967. Kentuckians, like so many other Americans, just aren't happy with the way things are going in Washington this year. Both candidates sensed the dissatisfaction, and Nunn used it to his advantage, by stressing the national implications of the race and bringing in out-of-state Republicans to help him do so. Ronald Reagan told an audience of 13,000 cheering Republicans that electing Nunn would kick off a "repudiation" of President Johnson's "security of the antheap" politics next year. Ward did not fight back. At one point in the campaign Nunn challenged him outright: "No candidate in the memory of living man has ever before pleaded with a President of his own party to stay away from his campaign." Ward did so, because he realized that LBJ's support would make his task even harder.

Registered voters in Kentucky are 3-1 Democratic, but on what amounted to the single issue of Lyndon Johnson, Kentuckians elected a Republican by 26,000 votes. This is all the more surprising because the Governor-elect, Louie Nunn, is not an inspiring, nor, it would seem, particularly imaginative man. (Democratic voters, though hardly enchanted with their own candidate, were sincere in their slogan, "Half an Oaf is Better than Nunn.") Without clarifying his own positions on national issues, Nunn ran a campaign of opposition to the programs of the national Democratic Party, and rode the disenchantment vote into the statehouse. He talked about crime in the streets, black power, riots, soaring taxes, inflation, the works. Characteristic of the Nunn campaign, both in its lack of content and its effectiveness, was the candidate's position on the war in Vietnam: "Tired of the War? Vote Nunn."

The Disenchantment Vote

The first lesson to be learned from all this would seem to be that opposition of any sort is an effective weapon against the Democratic Party these days. Kentucky elected a Republican candidate who did little more than repudiate the Great Society and criticize the half-way war in Vietnam. It might be argued that the imprecision of Nunn's attacks was the very reason for their success; that by not identifying himself as either hawk or dove on Vietnam, he was able to corner the disenchantment vote at both ends. But it seems more likely that voters prefer a candidate who offers a substantive program, and, in any case, no candidate will be able to make it through next year's Presidential race without toppling off the center of the fence. The important message of Kentucky is that Lyndon Johnson will be the big issue in 1968, an issue that will be a major boost to Republicans in election to offices big and small.

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COVER STORY

It's getting to be a nightmare, a positive nightmare. Reagan? You can't be serious. The Republican candidate? Possible President? It's a nightmare—to some

REAGAN: A RELAXING VIEW

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

New York

In this here neck of the woods, there is some uneasiness in the air, and the reason why is Ronald Reagan. Here is how the nightmare goes. Romney does so-so in New Hampshire, not well enough to give him a solid lead, not poorly enough to dispose of him once and for all and leave time to build up another liberal. Nixon does poorly, maybe not so poorly as to make him withdraw either, but poorly enough to prevent the bandwagon's forming. On to Wisconsin. Same sort of thing. Then in Oregon and in Nebraska Reagan supporters submit his name, and without campaigning Reagan wins decisively. On to the convention. A bitter fight, but once again the liberals are disunited. George Romney has had a divine visitation telling him to stay in the fight, and he does: through the first or second ballots, fracturing the liberals. And—big difference from 1964—somehow the disparagement of the Reagan forces hasn't had the desirable effect of weakening the Republican Party so as to guarantee, at least, its ultimate defeat in November. Add to that the ecumenical goo that Ronald Reagan is so good at extruding—why you would think, sometimes, that Senator Kuchel was his best friend. So Reagan gets nominated, and then we all rush off to our artillery pieces, aim, pull the triggers and—typical nightmare—nothing happens; so that, smiling that confounding smile of his, he rides his horse right into the front lawn of the White House, dismounts, hands the reins over to the benumbed editor of the *Washington Post*, and proceeds to the throne, whence he judges over us all.

The nightmare peters out at this point, for one thing because it never is absolutely clear just how a political conservative is actually going to succeed in destroying the country—it is better for nightmares to end with such details unspecified (a haunted house should never be entered—no bad can come of it). Presumably, that which he would do which is undesirable is a projection of what he has done that is undesirable in California. And concerning what he has done in California, there is thoroughly mystifying disagreement in many quarters.

There is the opinion, for instance, of Mr. Hale Champion. Mr. Champion, who is now uncoiling at Harvard at what has been called the Center for the Advancement of the Kennedy Family, served Governor Pat Brown as State Finance Director (one thinks of serving President Kubitschek of Brazil as Budget Balancer). Mr. Champion undeniably earned a period of repose in the groves of academe, or even of a sanatorium. He suggested an appropriate structure for the criticism of the Reagan administration in *West* Magazine (April 23), in which he commented on the new governor's first 100 days. Governor Reagan, said Mr. Champion, (a) is "in deepening trouble with the legislature and with the public"; (b) has a "completely negative and destructive attitude [towards] higher education"; (c) has "accomplished" almost nothing "except the dismissal of Clark Kerr"; (d) is likely to be swamped by "the future consequences of [his] failure to work out solutions to problems" and (e) is aesthetically offensive, as witness "the loose bundle of social and moral pronouncements that constitute the governor's vague, historically inaccurate, philosophically sloppy, and verbally undistinguished inaugural address."

From this criticism we were all to infer that Mr. Reagan is quite as bad as it was feared by the most fearful that he would be. Well, perhaps not *quite* as bad as some of Governor Brown's campaign rhetoric predicted. After all, at one point in the campaign, Governor Brown, addressing a Negro child in a widely played television spot, reminded the boy that Ronald Reagan was an actor, and that it was an actor who had shot Abraham

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Lincoln—a sorites that Mr. Champion did not, at the time, identify as philosophically sloppy or even verbally undistinguished. On the other hand, Mr. Champion is in a position to point out that Reagan hasn't had the opportunity to assassinate Abraham Lincoln, and how can we know that, given the opportunity, he would not seize it?

Reagan Confronts California

But then, having prepared ourselves to think about Mr. Reagan the way Mr. Champion thinks about him, one is confused by the contradictory analyses of another very liberal critic of Mr. Reagan, Mr. Andrew Kopkind, who has kept in very close touch with Reagan over the years, and disapproves of him every bit as much as Mr. Champion—but for different reasons. He thinks that Mr. Reagan is a phony—that he isn't really conservative at all, just talks that way. Whereas Mr. Champion warned that precisely Mr. Reagan's difficulty is his genuine commitment to his atavistic ideas (a "surprising number of state employees, educators and members of mental health organizations . . . didn't really believe he meant what he said in the years before 1966"), Kopkind quotes an anonymous observer as remarking that "Reagan plays Pat Brown better than Pat Brown." "Reagan," he begins his recent analysis, "is selling out. . . He rationalizes his own position by calling himself a pragmatist, and may even believe that he is working from the inside. But he is out for himself alone." Once again he finds a useful anonymous observer to quote: "There are three big phonies in politics in this state—Sam Yorty, Max Rafferty, and Ronald Reagan."

Granted, there are people on the Right who also believe that Reagan has sold out. California has a state senator, Mr. John G. Schmitz, who is a member of the John Birch Society, and *he* says that Reagan is "a tragic end to the brightest hope on the American political scene today. Many of the best of our citizens may never again be willing to trust the word of a seeker or holder of high political office." On the other hand there have been no complaints from the conservative Californians who helped to finance the Reagan movement and who would presumably feel most deeply the weals of ideological infidelity, no complaints from Henry Salvatori, Holmes Tuttle, William Knowland. Moreover, they contend, and Mr. Kopkind would go along, that if the election were held again tomorrow, Reagan would win against Brown as triumphantly (one million votes) as he did last November.

All of this is very confusing to non-Californians. There are the liberals (e.g. Champion) who say he has done the state irreparable damage — and those liberals (e.g. Kopkind) who say that he has, as a matter of fact, administered a stoutly liberal government. How can you cause irreparable damage—in the liberal view of things—by taking militantly liberal action? There are those (e.g. Champion) who say he is losing popularity, and those (e.g. Kopkind) who say he is gaining popularity. Some say he is true to his conservative faith, others that he isn't. Some that he is sincere —that's his trouble; others that he is insincere, that that is his trouble. The Birchers (e.g. Schmitz) who are greatly disillusioned, and the conservatives (e.g. Salvatori) who are by and large elated.

What's he like personally? Ask Evans and Novak: "Naturally aloof. 'The thing Reagan needs to do [they quote an unnamed "Republican leader"] is to ask the legislators over to his house to play poker and drink some booze. But that's not going to happen any time soon." Fascinating. But—oops!—*Time* Magazine quotes Assembly Republican Caucus Chairman Don Mulford: "I don't think there is a single legislator who doesn't like Governor Reagan as an individual." *Time* commented on Reagan's "success" at the end of his first session, which he accomplished "by holding frequent meetings with the lawmakers, infect[ing] them with his straightforward, purposeful approach." Champion insisted on the diminishing prestige. Now, William S. White observes that "no one who has recently been in California with eyes and ears open can doubt that Reagan is going from strength to strength. By every ordinary measurement he is both a popular and an effective state executive."

As far as the outer world can see, there have been three significant confrontations between California and Reaganism. They had to do with (1) education, (2) mental health, and (3) taxes.

The first was in two parts. There was, to begin with, the firing of Clark Kerr. In fact, Reagan's role in the dismissal of Kerr, while it could be held to have been psychologically critical, was insubstantial. It is true that the regents, execution-bound, addressed the freshly inaugurated governor at the regents' meeting in January and said to him: If it would be greatly embarrassing to you for us to proceed with the business at hand —which is to ask Clark Kerr for his resignation—we are willing to put off doing so for a few months. Reagan's answer was: Don't mind me, go right ahead, and God bless you. What happened then is instructive. In the first

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place, Reagan's siding with the majority of the regents, who after all had been named as such by his celebratedly liberal predecessors Brown, Knight and Warren, ended him up carrying the onus of the entire majority. Thus Mr. Champion, relaxing in the scholarly detachment of Harvard University, refers to Mr. Reagan's having "accomplished" the "dismissal of Clark Kerr." In fact Reagan did vote for Kerr's dismissal. If he had voted against Kerr's dismissal, Kerr would nevertheless have been fired (the vote was 14 to 8)—unless one assumes that Reagan controlled the marginal votes, which why should one assume it considering that only a single voter directly owed his status as a voter to the governor? Never mind, Reagan was widely held to be responsible.

And secondly, one learns ever more about the powers of the Educational Establishment, and they are, of course, formidable. The rule of thumb is: Never disagree with the educators, never give them less than everything they want, and never act other than as a postulant at their shrine. It is all neatly put by Professor James Q. Wilson of Harvard University, who wrote recently a "Guide to Reagan Country" for the academically chic *Commentary* Magazine in which he ventured a number of observations not entirely congenial to orthodox anti-Reaganism, and thought to protect himself winsomely by acknowledging: "I do not intend here to write an apology for Reagan; even if I thought like that, which I don't, I would never write it down anywhere my colleagues at Harvard might read it." No indeed: academic freedom is very broadminded, but it stops short of defending the position of Ronald Reagan. Stops short, that is, of defending the indefensible.

The Politics of Academe

It is a perfectly reasonable criticism of Ronald Reagan that he does not entirely understand the influence of the academic establishment. Not very many politicians do, and it is not enough merely to tell them that that influence exists. Barry Goldwater was scandalously late in harnessing what academic support was available to him for the asking. Richard Nixon's cheering squad always sounded rather like William Yandell Elliott plus the deans of the schools of business administration of midwestern Baptist colleges. Actually, there is a great deal of potential support available to a right-bent public figure, but he must know how to discharge the correct vibrations to shake it out, and Governor Reagan didn't know how to do that in January 1967, and does not know—and here is his most baffling dereliction of the moment—how to do so even now. It isn't really all that difficult. The supporters, as I say, are there: one has only to meditate on the silent vote against Clark Kerr among the chancellors of the individual university campuses in California who for years have deeply resented his importunate ways; and there are the others who recoil against the anti-intellectualist spirit of the Berkeley disorders, and even against the antipersonalist impulses of macro-education.

But those folk need to be approached in just the right way, and it may be the single lesson—he gives signs of mastering almost all of the others—that Governor Reagan has not learned. So that when simultaneously Reagan voted with the majority to dismiss Kerr, and came out (via a subordinate who spoke out ahead of schedule) in favor of uniform reductions (10 per cent) in state spending, and in favor of charging tuition at the University of California and the state colleges, all the educators felt the tug of class solidarity that Karl Marx, Eugene Debs, and James Hoffa never succeeded in eliciting from the proletarian classes. It was a field day for the professors and the students, who delightedly burned their governor in effigy. The canny and brilliant Jesse Unruh, lord of all he diminishingly surveys in the evenly-divided state Assembly, quickly took his advantage. Only months before, because he had seen the necessity to deplore the excesses at the Berkeley campus, he, too, had been burned in effigy; but now, in gratitude for his scornful resistance of the governor's position that students should contribute to the cost of their own education, the placardists bore signs: "JESSE SAVES." The speaker was vastly amused, and vastly instructed: he knows, he knows, the strength of the Harvard vote.

And then Governor Reagan made probably the principal verbal faux pas of his career, a remark to the effect that the state of California has no business "subsidizing intellectual curiosity." The difference, Mark Twain reminded us, between the right word

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and almost the right word, "is the difference between lightning and lightning-bug." Intellectual curiosity is a very good thing, intellectual frivolity is not. When asked to document his case against educational excesses Governor Reagan brightly observed that he did not see why the state should need to support courses in "how to burn the governor in effigy." An amusing response, the kind of riposte that an Adlai Stevenson or John F. Kennedy would make with pleasure and profit. But Ronald Reagan needs to remember that he is a Republican and a conservative, and does not have the ordinary man's license to exaggerate. In fact, industrious reporters discovered, the course in question was being offered by an organization adjacent to the state university, which teaches the theory of nonviolent resistance; and though to be sure the university was extending credit to students who took the course, it was technically untrue to say that the taxpayers were spending money to finance the burning of their governor in effigy. Just a little research would have armed the governor with copious examples of the abuse of education. It can be maintained (and is, by some people) that all of life is an education; in which case, as a matter of logic, one automatically loses any argument to the effect that training in this or that is a waste of money. But Reagan could have split the university community and got going a very useful debate by asking whether in fact all of the gentlemen and scholars in the university system were prepared to defend the notion that courses in home economics and fly fishing and hotel hygiene and life adjustment are a part of the life of the mind to the advancement of which the voters of California are dedicated.

Reagan on Mental Health

And then, too, Reagan should raise the question: granted the infinite desirability of more and more education, what are the practical limits that even an idealistic community should observe? During the past decade, enrollment in California state colleges is up 397 per cent, operating costs are up 260 per cent, capital expenditures are up 260 per cent—whereas population and hence the ability to pay is up only 39 per cent. Question: How much further? Here is a very serious question, which Governor Reagan has an excellent opportunity to probe. The society would be ideal in which everyone with a velleity to become a doctor of philosophy could proceed to stroll through the years of his early manhood in order to become one, at no expense to himself. But—as Professor Ernest van den Haag of New York University tartly pointed out a few years ago—isn't it a fact that the figures show that professors will earn more money than plumbers and taxi drivers, and that therefore to tax plumbers and taxi drivers to subsidize the education of professors is a form of regressive taxation, and therefore antiliberal, by a definition with which both Mr. Champion *and* Mr. Kopkind could agree?

Such questions as these Mr. Reagan has not asked, as yet; and, indeed, he has not perfected any line of communication to the academes. Meanwhile, the question rests. The case for the firing of Clark Kerr is at least defensible. Certainly it is true that he'd have been fired irrespective of Reagan's adventitious attendance at the regents' meeting on January 20, 1967; and, as regards tuition, the seed has been planted and voters are aware that a public question has been raised. The State of California provides, typically, more than one-half the expenses of the university. The university proposes a budget, the regents examine it, it is submitted to the governor, and he in turn submits it to the legislature. Reagan persuaded the regents this year to spend $20 million of their own reserves, and he vetoed a supplementary appropriation proposed by Unruh. And the university emerged from it all with $10 million more than it got the year before: but the percentage rise was reduced. And more important, heuristic questions have been raised, questions which should have been raised before, questions which quite properly relate higher state education to the total resources and needs of a community. The exact formulation of the ultimate questions neither Governor Reagan nor anyone else is ever likely to come up with. But Reagan has naysayed the superstition that any spending in the name of higher education ought (a) to be approved of, and (b) to be exempt from public scrutiny. And that, perverse though it may sound, is a contribution to public education.

Concerning mental health, it was widely disseminated that Reagan's superficiality caused him to ignore the salient point. True, the in-patient population had reduced from 34,000 to 20,000; and true, the state budget for the maintenance of the mentally ill had not reduced at all. Why not, asked Reagan, reduce it pro tanto? Because, his critics leaped, the fact of the diminution of in-patients is testimony to the effectiveness of the entire working force of the mental hospitals, and precisely the wrong thing to do under the circumstances is to reduce their total firing power. Reagan countered that that was suppositious, that he was quite prepared to reverse his recommendations in the event of a decline in the rate of the cured.

Economies Not Easily Effected

Sounds reasonable, one would suppose. But the point, of course, is that economies are never easily effected, and just about never effected when the emotional instrument at the disposal of the spenders is, no less, the mentally ill. Take the incidence of stricken mothers-in-law and multiply it by the prospect of their repatriation, and you have an idea of the size of the political problem. If President Eisenhower was unsuccessful, even during his relatively brief period of militant frugality, in eliminating the Rural Electrification Agency because of the lobbies available to agitate for its survival, one can imagine the difficulties in paring the mental health agencies of a single state of the nation. So Reagan yielded—actually he had no reasonable alternative than to do so. But again he had made a public point. And, as in the case of education, the point would yield dividends, or should at any rate, when the time comes, as routinely it always has, to augment the budget for mental health. Reagan's position is after all distinguishable from the position that says that the states should ignore their mentally ill. It is a position that says: if modern psychiatric advances, e.g. through the use of tranquilizers, permit a diminution of the problem, even as the Salk vaccine has diminished the problem of polio, oughtn't the states to adjust

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their budgets accordingly?

And then, of course, the big question of the budget. It is a matter of universal hilarity. The most economy-minded governor since the inauguration of J. Bracken Lee as governor of Utah in 1953 forwards to the legislature the highest budget in state history! Loud guffaws. Not utterly wholesome guffaws, to be sure. Nelson Rockefeller, who at least noticed, though he did not precisely run against, the extravagances of his predecessor Averell Harriman as governor of New York, also proceeded to submit a higher budget than that of the Democratic Mr. Harriman. But in Rockefeller's case, that was considered an act of statesmanship, or at least it was considered as such by the same kind of people who have reacted so ardently against Ronald Reagan.

Reagan's reasoning can, of course, be made to sound disingenuous. He claims to have discovered only *after* achieving office the programmed deficit of Governor Pat Brown. Mr. Casper Weinberger, chairman of Reagan's Little Hoover Commission, likes to tell the story. . . "Hale Champion, outgoing director of the Department of Finance, cheerfully walked into the conference room, greeted [us] affably, and announced that while there would be a surplus available on June 30, 1967 (when the last of Governor Brown's eight fiscal years ended), there was going to be a problem starting in January 1968.

"The Department's best estimates showed, he said, that there would be a cash flow shortage in January, February and March of 1968 amounting to $740 million. Champion added that approximately $340 million could be borrowed from other state funds, leaving the state's bank accounts short by $400 million of the amount needed to write checks covering the state's daily bills during those months. When the new tax monies came in April 1968, most of the cash flow problems would be behind us, added Champion, but of course there would be quite a big deficit by June 1968 if present rates of revenue and expenditure continued. In fact, the deficit by then would probably amount to over $350 million.

"After a moment's silence," Mr. Weinberger recalls, "somebody asked, 'Hale, what would you have done about this if you had been re-elected?" 'Well,' he answered with a slow smile, 'we've been telling you Republicans we needed withholding and more taxes, but you've always defeated them.' "

Brown Spent Contingency Funds

"We knew there would be a deficit during the campaign," Reagan reminisces. "But we didn't know how large it would be. Accountants told us there simply wasn't any way of ascertaining how much. Brown kept borrowing all over the place. The civil service people said there was a bare chance we could make it without raising taxes. As we got closer to the election, it began to look as though there wasn't any chance. I said during the campaign that there would have to be new taxes. The constitution requires that you submit a budget right after you take office. I did. But the research hadn't been completed. And soon it became clear that even if we could effect $250 million in economies, there wasn't a chance for a balanced budget. We just didn't know the extent of the problem. We had no way of knowing that Brown was spending most of the contingency funds. I've now recommended that in the future, independent auditing firms be given a crack at the figures, so that how the state stands financially can be a part of the public knowledge."

He paused to wave back cheerfully at four college-types who had pulled their sedan alongside, driving 55 mph in tandem with the state trooper who was chauffeuring the governor and exactly observing the speed limit. A honey-blonde leaned smiling out of the open window, hoisting a cardboard square hastily improvised from a grocery box or whatever, when the party spotted the governor's license plates. Scrawled on it with lipstick was NO TUITION! Reagan laughed as the collegiates pulled away. "The faculties are mostly responsible for that," he said. "They tell you one thing, and then they tell the press another." He gave examples. "The No-Tuition bit is a local superstition. Even Brown said years before the election that tuition was 'inevitable.' Did they jump him? But it'll take time. Right now the point is to save money where we can. I'm a *good* person for people to trust their money with. I'm a good *manager*, and I'll treat their money as though it were mine. When we suggested 10 per cent across the board we knew some departments would have to expand, though others could trim back even more than 10 per cent. We won't make 10 per cent, but we will make about 8½ per cent. And remember, that's

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8½ per cent of the spending we have control over. Two-thirds of the spending in California is fixed by the constitution or by statute and we can't do anything about it. It's bad enough to try to make economies when you need the help of a legislature that's controlled by the opposition party. We can't very well tackle the constitution at the same time. But what we're doing will take hold. What makes me mad is obstructionism that's clearly intended to screw up your program. For instance, I said no more new hiring. If one department needs another secretary, pull her from a department where there are surplus secretaries. So some of the civil service people got together and when you need a secretary for the most urgent job they tell you sorry, there isn't one available in the whole goddam state of California. You know there is, of course, but it's a problem of locating her, and that takes time, takes time to canvass the departments and identify those that have the excess people, and there are plenty around. It isn't any different from what you would expect. Why should the bureaucracy behave any different from the way I always said it did—protectively towards its own authority and vested interests? A governor can't do everything, he hasn't got that much authority, and maybe he shouldn't have that authority. I have only a psychological authority, because the politicians know that the people are with me, that they see a lot of waste, and they resent the taxes and the inflation, and that they'll support me. There are lots of things I just can't do, at least not for a while. Take judicial reform. You know how many judges Brown appointed as a lame duck? Four hundred! I must be the only governor in the U.S. who can't fix a parking ticket. But in time there will be vacancies, and I'm trying to reform the system, but Unruh hasn't let the bill out of committee. You've got to be patient, and you've got to make a start. I'll be around for a while."

So the budget went finally to the legislature, a $5-billion budget, 8 per cent higher than his predecessor's. (By contrast, Rockefeller's first budget was 11 per cent higher than *his* predecessor's.) But, Reagan explained, the increase was almost entirely on account of Brown's commitments, plus the annual increase in California's population (2½ per cent in 1966). Assuming you merely want to stand still, you have to raise the budget 8 per cent to cover inflation, plus immigration. Reagan needed to cover the deficits of Pat Brown—and did so, raising the budget only the requisite 8 per cent. Up went the income tax, the sales tax and the so-called sin taxes. And on the issue of withholding—he was against it because, he said, "taxes ought to be out in the open. They should hurt, so that people know the price of what they're getting." Jesse Unruh was as determined that taxes should be painlessly withheld drop by drop as Reagan was that they should be collected in one painful annual extraction. Reagan held out, Unruh held out. But, finally, on July 28 the legislature approved within less than 1 per cent the figure Reagan asked for, and without the withholding tax. "All in all," Jesse Unruh, obviously taking another look at Reagan, concluded, "he did very well."

The Speech

The critics of Ronald Reagan are fond of quoting from his autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?* It is an unfortunate book, not at all for what it says, which is wholesome and intelligent, but for the way it is said. There is no doubting that it is primarily responsible for the insiders' assumption that the governor is a hopeless cornball. The opening passage of the book (it is Mr. Kopkind's favorite) is, well, disastrous. "The story begins with the close-up of a bottom. My face was blue . . . my bottom was red . . and my father claimed afterward that he was white. . . Ever since . . . I have been particularly fond of the colors that were exhibited—red, white, and blue."

I suspend the narrative in order to allow a minute for derision.

Now: the fact of the matter is that the book was co-authored, and co-authored "autobiographies" are, as a general rule, the stylistic work of the other guy. It is too bad that Mr. Reagan did not go further and publish it as an as-told-to-book, which is undoubtedly how the book was actually produced. Because the fact of the matter is that Reagan is not that way. "John Jones," I observed recently to him about a controversial public figure, "has the face of a bank teller." "Bank teller hell, he has the face of the neighborhood child molester." One cannot be as banal as (a), and as mordant as (b), and the circumstances clearly argue that the second, not the first, is the real-life Ronald Reagan. "Stand in front of the asparagus counter today," he told a political gathering, "and you discover that it's cheaper to eat money." That kind of crack, Made in America, unmakeable anywhere else, is a pretty big industry in California. But—good. And homemade. "Keeping up with Governor Brown's promises," he said during the campaign, "is like reading *Playboy* Magazine while your wife turns the pages." Good. Very good. And they come effortlessly. They are a function of his vision. The perspectives are very good, the mind very quick.

I met him seven or eight years ago. He was to introduce me at a lecture that night at Beverly Hills. He arrived at the school auditorium to find consternation. The house was full and the crowd impatient but the microphone was dead—the student who was to have shown up at the control room above the balcony to turn on the current hadn't. Reagan quickly took over. He instructed an assistant to call the principal and see if he could get a key. He then bounded onto the stage and shouted as loud as he could to make himself heard. In a very few minutes the audience was greatly enjoying itself. Then word came to him: no answer at the principal's telephone. Reagan went off-stage and looked out the window. There was a ledge, a foot wide, two stories above the street level, running along the side of the window back to the locked control room. Hollywood-wise, he climbed out on the ledge and sidestepped carefully, arms stretched out to help him balance, until he had gone the long way to the window, which he broke open with his elbow, lifting it open from the inside, and jumping into the darkness. In a moment the lights were on, the amplifying knobs were turned up, the speaker introduced.

During those days he was busy delivering his own speech. *The* Speech, it came to be called: probably the most frequently uttered since William Jennings Bryan's on the golden crucifixion. All over the land, to hundreds

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of audiences, a deft and rollicking indictment of overweening government. And then the speech became the most galvanizing fund-raiser in political history. He televised it during the Goldwater campaign for a statewide showing in California. "And then, an hour before it was scheduled to go on, word came from Goldwater's headquarters to hold it—the boys at hq. had heard it rumored that it was 'too extreme.' I remember I went to the nearest pay booth, just by a gas station, and called Goldwater. There were only minutes to go. Luckily, he was on the ground. I reached him in Arizona. 'Barry,' I said, 'I don't have time to tell you everything that's in that speech, but you can take it from me, buddy, there isn't a kooky line in it.' Goldwater said: 'I'll take your word for it,' and I called the studio in the nick of time."

He Keeps On Improving

If Goldwater hadn't been at the other end of the telephone, Reagan would not have become governor. Because the speech was an incomparable success, statewide and subsequently nationwide. (It is said to have elicited almost $5 million in dollar-bill contributions.) It was on account of that speech that the Reagan-for-Governor talk began.

I saw him during a long evening a few weeks after Goldwater's defeat, when the Reagan movement was just beginning to stir. We talked about the national calamity for the conservative movement, and how it bore on his own situation. He was then quite positive that the Republican Party of California would not want him, especially not in the aftermath of so definitive a loss. But, he said, he wasn't going to say anything Shermanesque. He talked about the problems of California. The discussion was in generalities, very different from a second conversation a year later, in December of 1965, on the eve of the year when he would run. The change was striking. He knew a great deal about specific problems of California. But he had grown, too, in other ways. I remember being especially impressed when, looking out over the city from the elevation of Pacific Palisades, he remarked: "You know, it's probable that the cost of eliminating the smog is a cost the people who want the smog to be eliminated aren't, when it comes to it, willing to pay."

Still later, on a half-dozen occasions, I noticed the ongoing improvement in his personal style, particularly in his handling of the press. Last June in Omaha, after a press conference before his speech to the Young Republicans, the *New York Times* correspondent impulsively blurted out to a young correspondent he hardly knew: "I've never seen anything like it, I've been covering them since Truman. There isn't anybody who can touch Reagan." It's something people are going to have to get used to as long as Reagan's star is on the ascendancy. "To those unfamiliar with Reagan's big-league savvy," *Newsweek*, pained, dutifully pointed out last May after observing Ronald Reagan and Bobby Kennedy in a joint appearance answering student questions on Vietnam, "the ease with which [Reagan] fielded questions about Vietnam may come as a revelation . . . Political rookie Reagan left old campaigner Kennedy blinking when the session ended."

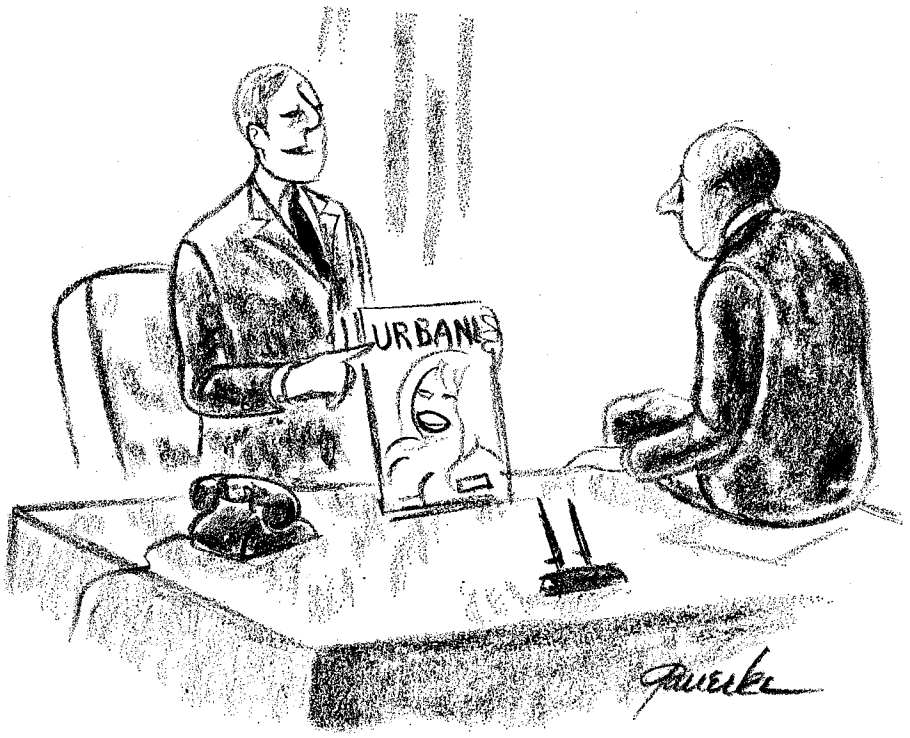
I mean, it is more than flesh and blood can bear. Reagan, the moderately successful actor, the man ignorant of foreign affairs, outwitting Bobby *Kennedy* in a political contest. It's the kind of thing that brings on those nightmares.

Richard Nixon was in the room. Who, someone asked, would the Republican Party consider as eligible in 1968? Nixon gave the usual names: and added Ronald Reagan's. I objected. It strikes me, I said, as inconceivable. "Why?" Nixon asked — "suppose he makes a very good record as governor of California?" (This was in December, just after Reagan's election.) Because, I said, he is very simply an implausible President. Anyone would be whose career was in Hollywood. People won't get used to the notion of a former actor being President. People are very stuffy about Presidential candidates. Remember what Raymond Moley said when someone asked him how to account for Kefauver's beating Adlai Stevenson in the Minnesota primary in 1956—"Did *you* ever tell a joke in Minneapolis?"

And then—I added, carried away by my conviction—how does one go about being a good governor in an age when the major moves are, after all, up to the Federal Government? Who last—I asked Nixon—can we remember, whose record as governor propelled him to the first ranks of the Presidential hopefuls?

Dewey, Nixon ventured—then corrected himself: Dewey became famous as a prosecutor, not as governor. Rockefeller was projected by the fact

(Continued on p. 1348)



"It's to be a small-circulation, esoteric magazine aimed at the sort of man who likes to look at pictures of naked girls."

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Letter From the Continent

Otto and the Austrian Psyche

E. v. KUEHNELT LEDDIHN

To the average American the main difference between a monarchy and a democratic republic is that between "government by persons" and "government by law." The distinction is rather arbitrary, both because the traditional concept of kingship is that of *reg sub lege*, the king *under* the law, and because it makes a great deal of difference what kind of men, in a republic, administer the laws.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Apart from the little principality of Liechtenstein there are no more monarchies in Central Europe. The recent marriage of the hereditary prince provided the illustrated weeklies of Germany, Austria and Switzerland with much needed material. Television and newsreels also profited. A glance at the newsstand displays of popular periodicals reveals pictures and stories dealing almost exclusively with the lives and loves, the romances, engagements, marriages, confinements, births, baptisms, honeymoons and tensions in royal, imperial or princely families. The cover of a recent number of *Frau im Spiegel* (Sept. 18) shows Princess Beatrix, Prince Klaus and their baby son. The headlines announce: *"Beatrix, Klaus and Willem Alexander—the bourgeois royal baptism." "Exclusive: Intimate talk with Victoria Louise, daughter of the Kaiser." "Exclusive: Constantine and Ann-Marie's holidays on a volcano." "Exclusive: The series on Richard Tauber, the unique singer."*

Tired of Impersonal Rule

How democratic to add one non-royal celebrity to this august company! Other magazines offer information about Farah Diba, the Shah, ex-Empress Soraya, Prince Philip, Princess Margaret, Princess Grace of Monaco, Princess Irene of the Netherlands, Queen Sirikit of Thailand, Princess Margaret of Denmark, Prince Juan Carlos and now, of course, the Crown Prince of Norway. They all excite the imagination of the "masses." A psychologist might interpret the popular enthusiasm for royalty—considerably greater than that exhibited for movie stars and sports champions—as a sign that the people are getting tired of impersonal rule.

At the same time this phenomenon has to be regarded as a danger signal, suggesting as it does our human capacity for man-worship with its threat of cults of personality and all that they portend, cf. Stalin. Such cults develop both around people who are totally "different" (royalty) and around Mr. Average Man, by anybody's standards, cf. Hitler.

The distinction between government by persons and government by law is especially painfully drawn in a nation, such as Austria, where historic motives and memories complicate the issue. The former Austrian Crown Prince, after formally recognizing the Republic, became known as Dr. Otto Habsburg-Lothringen. From exile, the eldest son of the last Emperor of Austria had to wangle for a passport and permission to visit his boyhood home. Now, years later, a right-wing government, which held his enforced exile to be against the established law, has finally given him a passport.

Dr. Habsburg, with his wife, has visited Austria repeatedly on quick jaunts—sentimental visits, we may suppose, for a man past fifty whose memories of the country are of himself as a small boy walking behind the bier of his great-uncle Francis Joseph and, later, standing between his parents during their coronation in Budapest. His first appearances in Austria caused the Socialists to stage demonstrations and strikes and to display banners with the inscription: "Today a passport — tomorrow money!," an allusion to the Archduke's claim on his private property.

The mob's uneasiness was undoubtedly in parts artificially stimulated, but in parts it was also quite genuine, even among moderates. In order to understand this fully one must realize that Austria was reduced in 1919 to a small Alpine state not much larger than the domains taken over by the Habsburgs seven centuries earlier. The poverty, the narrowness, the material limitations imposed on what had been the heart of Europe's second largest country only increased the provincialism of the small republic. The former Crown Prince is a man with personal friends, connections and contacts all over the globe. A convinced liberal in the European sense, he is also a member of the Mont Pelerin Society.

Eastern Tyrol Fetes Habsburg

Otto Habsburg's reputation as a writer and thinker is well deserved. He wields a mighty pen, is famous as a lecturer in Germany, France, Spain and the United States; he is the friend of many statesmen and the Second Austrian Republic party owes its very existence to his efforts during and after World War II. Obviously certain people are afraid of a 300-watt bulb in a room only dimly lit by candles.

The excitement grew by leaps and bounds when the Herr Doktor visited the staunchly conservative Eastern Tyrol where in defiance to the Nazi menace, he had been made an honorary citizen of several communities in the years between 1933 and 1938. Now, at last, the villages in question could receive him, which they did with colossal enthusiasm. This was considered a grave menace to the republic not only by the Socialists (glad to have a cause), but also by leading members of the Conservative People's Party and it created a storm in the satellite world. All of which raises the question, how deeply anchored is the republic in the hearts of Europeans if professed supporters of this new (and very old) form of government considered it endangered by the mere appearance and enthusiastic reception of an internationally known writer and lecturer whose interests, stakes and aspirations widely surpass those of a small Alpine country? What actually goes on in their hearts, their minds, in the subconscious recesses of they psyches?

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THEY ALSO SERVE...

Today there are 500,000 American troops in Vietnam, the great majority of them under 21 years of age. While their contemporaries at home work, relax, marry, attend college, and—some of them—demonstrate against our "imperialist venture" in Southeast Asia, these men do the man's work of fighting. Marvin Liebman (right), journalist and publicist who in his own youth served with the Irgun in illegally transporting Jewish refugees to Palestine, visited Vietnam Con Thien and Da Nang, he talked with young soldiers and airmen. We reproduce the comments of nine of them, on the war, the future, and the in October. In and around situation at home.

Photographs by Raymond Cranbourne, Empire News.

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THEY ALSO SERVE...

"I think we should move on to the North and fight this war even harder, if possible, so that we can finish it sooner. If we don't stop them here, they'll be after our own country, the United States. This is why we're here, I guess. I don't understand all those peace demonstrations back home. It's like those people are going against their own country. I don't like it one bit. You know, we all get banged up here and then, if we can, we go back into action again. So we're doing the best we can. I just don't know what they are trying to prove back home. When all of this is over, I'm going back to my place in Vermont where I'll try to start a ski lodge. I'll be very happy with that. I won't be able to do it if the Communists are there, will I?"

Lance Corporal Michael Stark, 20, Bartonsville, Vermont.

"I was 23 years old a couple of weeks ago. That makes me sort of an old man around here. I enlisted in the Marine Corps because that's what I wanted to do ever since I was a kid. We're pussyfooting it around too much with this war. They call this a political war, so the politicians seem to be running it. I don't know much about the difference between wars except people always get killed whether it's political or not. And those peace marchers! I'd like to bring them all over here and let them march through the jungles, carrying their signs, if they think it's going to do any good here. They'll find out what the true scoop is once they are here. Somehow, I don't think the people back home know enough of what's happening here. I don't mean people like my Mom and relatives and the parents of all the other guys. All of them are all-out for this war and want to get it over and done with so we beat back the Communists. It's all the others. They just don't seem to understand. Nobody likes wars. But we're in it, and we'd better win it or we'll have to fight it over again some other place and at some other time. It's hard to think about all these things when my main concern now is just staying alive and getting back to my family."

Corporal Leslie M. Foreman, North Highlands, California.

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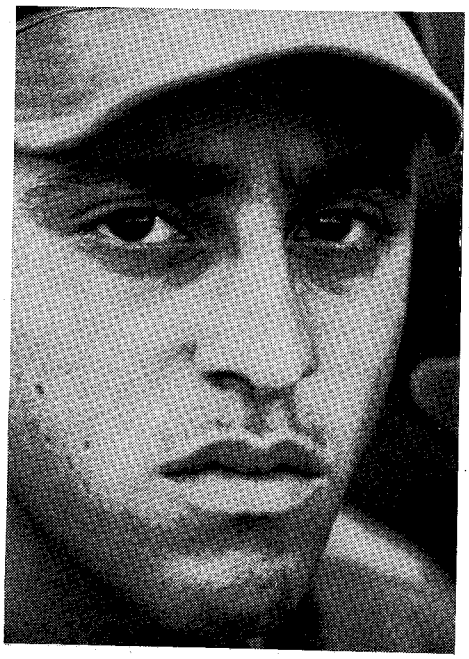
"I've been here about five months now. I can't say that I like it. But it's where I want to be——like I have to be here. I enlisted because I felt an obligation to my country, to my family and to myself. . . . Most of the men—my men and myself and others I've talked to—feel we should pursue the war a lot harder. We'd just like to be given a little headway and use a lot more military tactics than the political tactics that are being used. Those politicians and people all have the right to demonstrate and to voice their opinion. But I think if just some of those people could see how these people live over here and how they are oppressed and how Communism can ruin and just disrupt all forms of government and a peaceful way of life, they would change their tune. And the riots back home. I'm very disappointed. It makes me sort of ashamed. Over here, as well as back in the States. I've had many close friends that are Negro and we've talked about it. It's a little bit disgusting to us. . . . It just seems to be a waste. Everybody seems to work real well together here. They know we have a job to do, and they try to do it. There's no thought of black or white or yellow or red. If I were President Johnson, I would issue an order on an all-out bombing of North Vietnam to stop the infiltration into South Vietnam. I think that would be a first major and most important step into stopping the advancement into this country. Otherwise, we might just be here a long time and the longer we stay here—just holding our own without really hurting the North—the harder it will be to win anything."

Sergeant Anthony Arcuro, 20, York, Pennsylvania.



"I like my job. Not that I really like it, because no one would really go out of his way to be in a war. But if you have to be in a war—I like this kind of work. . . . rescuing people. On my first mission, we picked up a pilot who had been shot down. He was just floating in the water and in some kind of shock—his eyes were open and the rain was falling right into them. Well, we picked him up. Boy, was he glad to get home. . . .You know, I don't know much about politics but the more I hear about it the less I know. We're here to stop the aggression of Communism. It doesn't seem like too much of a threat here in a small area but, when you figure that it could spread out from here if we don't stop it, even back to the States, there's a good reason for me to be here. It's all messed up. Like I read things that say I shouldn't be here—that we're doing something that's not humane—or something. Well, the Communists aren't all that humane. They're just a small group of people really, that want to take over the world, and they play very rough. I guess it's better to stop them here than right at home. I'm sort of thinking of putting in some extra time here. I feel that I'm doing something worthwhile, and I guess I have enough time to go back to civilian life.

Airman Michael L. Walker, Alexandria, Virginia, one of the "Jolly Green Giants" doing para-rescue work.

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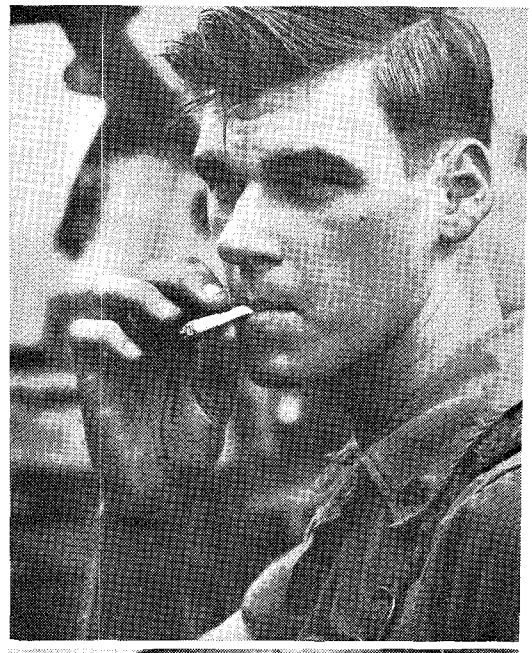
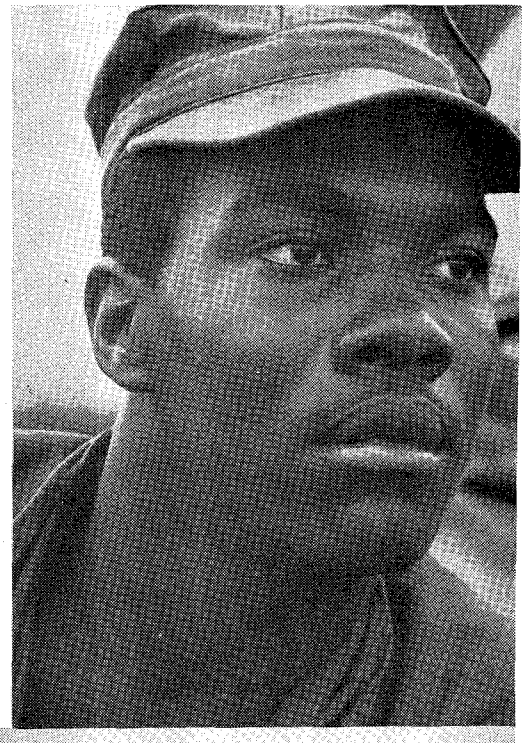


"I enlisted in the Marine Corps because I was getting to be pretty old and I felt I should get my military service over and done with. I'm not an officer or anything, but I do know that they're making it very hard to fight this war. We go out and we see the guys around us getting shot up and everything but we're not allowed to fire back because some politician in Washington says you can't. The only way to deal with the Commies here is to put as much pressure on as you can—push right over the DMZ and let them know that we're tired of playing around. . . .You know, it's really pretty miserable here. For the last couple of weeks we've had to sleep out in the rain every night. There is no sort of shelter we can get in so we just have to stay out there in the rain and the mud. Doing that gives a guy a lot of time to think. It's hard to believe that I've been over here almost a year. It seems like the States has changed so much—all these riots and things. We've got a good thing there at home—especially when you compare it to what's happening here. Nobody makes demonstrations or anything here. We just try to stay alive."

Corporal Ronald B. Davidson, 21, St. Charles, Illinois.



"I've been here about six months. We're supposed to be here to stop the country from being overtaken by the Communists. But it looks like we're not getting any place, and we're doing nothing but losing lives every day. I feel if they let the military fight the war, you know, maybe it would end this war quickly. Instead, the people back home—the businessmen and the senators and all of them—are trying to run the war from a desk. If you're going to have a war, you might as well have an all-out war. Otherwise, all of this dying is for nothing. And all this rioting at home—they're not proving anything. I wish those clowns who want to act up would come over here and take my place. There's plenty of fighting and shooting here if that's what they want to do. They could take my place any day. The Communists take pictures of them, you know. They show these pictures to their own people to try to show them how bad the United States is. The Communists also drop these pictures around us to try to show us that there is more trouble at home than there is here. Boy, are they ever wrong. Here's where the trouble is. . . . Just about a week ago, we were on Hill 39 and the platoon had to stay there for the night. We were all sleeping. It must have been about 3:30—maybe a quarter to 4—and a squad of VC sneaked up on us and started tossing grenades and shooting stuff. We got plenty messed up. The guy that was sleeping next to me got hurt pretty bad—like his leg was right off. Hand grenades tossed me around, but I didn't get hurt or anything like that. I was lucky. Boy, here is where those folks should riot, if that's what they want to do."

PFC Albert Woodard Jr., 19, Jackson, Michigan.

"I've been here for about ten months now. I wanted to come to Vietnam to do my part, like the rest of the boys here, to sort of do what I can to try to stop the threat of Communism throughout the world and help out these people here. I feel sorry for a lot of them. But a lot of others don't seem to care if you help them or not. It's like they live each day for itself. . . .You know, sometimes right in the middle of things, you think about what's going on back home. It was about two months ago, I guess, when I was out on operations. We ran into some enemy and two of our tanks got hit. I had a buddy from my company who got his legs blowed off him and another one got shot in the stomach with a 30-calibre machine gun. Seeing that happen right in front of me—and thinking about people complaining back in the States—doesn't seem to add up somehow."

Corporal Jerry D. Watson, Marion, Kentucky, who had his 20th birthday on the day he was interviewed.

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THEY ALSO SERVE...

"I hate it when anybody talks about the VCs that I got. You know, I'm not proud of it at all. It's just something that I had to do, because they're shooting at us, all the time. It's hard to get at them, but it's something I guess we just have to do. You know, they use a lot of young kids—13 or 14 years old. But a rifle doesn't know who's pulling the trigger, and it can kill you no matter what. It's rough for them, and it's rough for us. I think that we should put even more things up there in the North, really put the hurt on them. That's where all their stuff is coming from. . . . I don't know why we're not doing more of that. They always have a lot of restrictions on us. Like there was this town or hamlet or whatever they call it—it was supposed to have been pacified. We started getting shot at from the place, but we couldn't shoot back because of some kind of politics. That doesn't make much sense, does it? People are saying we should pull out of this place. If we did pull out, the Communists would definitely take everything over. This country would be a good place for them to set up against the U.S.A. I think we're doing a real good job to try to stop that. If we don't fight them here, we might have to do it a lot closer to home."

Corporal Jerry R. Skelly, 20, Wooster, Ohio.

"Sure, I'm all for helping these Vietnamese. But I'm not here so much for them as I am for my own country. The only way to get this war over with is to fight them down to a finish—just like in any other war. I guess nobody really likes war. I sure don't. But if you get in one, you should try to win it, as quickly as you can. Otherwise, there isn't much sense to it. If people back in the States want to negotiate with Charlie, like the magazines say, then what are we doing here anyhow? I think that they are wrong, and even though I don't like it here I feel that I'm doing something for my country. You know, I like these Vietnamese people. They live a hard life and they don't want Communism. Nobody wants it, but you have to fight to stop it. It makes me mad, sometimes, to read all that stuff from the States which makes me feel that I have no business being here. Well, the Government said to me that I should be here. And I'm here. I'm doing the best I can. We all are. And it's like we're doing something wrong. It gets kind of confusing."

Corporal Kenneth H. Couture, 20, Belwood, Illinois

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Letter From Latin America

Guerrillas Without Guevara

ROBERT PETER

With the cooling down of the first excitement over the death of Che Guevara, a wild discussion has broken out over a question of high political importance: whether guerrilla action on the Cuban model makes sense for individual Latin American countries.

Opinions differed on this question as early as last July, when the Latin American Solidarity Organization (LASO) convened in Havana. Most of the Latin American Communist parties, true to the Moscow line, agreed then that the guerrilla tactic was correct (and obviously successful) in Cuba under Batista, but could not be carried over to other countries: they repeated the old saying that revolution is not an export product. So the Moscow Communists rejected the use of force in South America and endorsed a political approach—wooing the voters through propaganda, gaining influence in labor unions, coexisting peacefully with other parties in order to win over their members. By peaceful coexistence the Communists mean conditions that permit them to make maximum use of the free democracies in order to gain the seat of power—at which point peaceful coexistence comes to an abrupt halt. This tactic makes sense in many lands; in some, e.g. Chile, it is bringing visible results. But most of the LASO delegates (the representatives of official Moscow-line parties were in a minority) opposed it fervently even though the Soviet Union favored it. The supporters of "peaceful" methods were outvoted from the first day (when, in the teeth of the Russian observers, the absent Che Guevara was elected honorary President) to the last (when a resolution was passed in praise of the use of force, especially in the form of guerrilla activities). This cleavage between the Moscow line and the Fidelista line on guerrilla penetration of Latin America was reflected in the fiftieth anniversary celebration in Moscow a fortnight ago. Castro pointedly did not attend and the Kremlin reciprocated by cold-shouldering the Cuban delegation at most official functions.

The death of Ernesto Guevara has given new urgency to the question. His failure in Bolivia is seen as a strong argument that guerrilla tactics are not effective everywhere; that they serve their purpose only where adequate preconditions exist, such as in Cuba in the fall of 1958; that Guevara's seemingly attractive idea of creating "several Vietnams" in Latin America cannot be realized as things now stand; and that Guevara proved it himself in the end.

Che picked Bolivia for personal attention after much reflection, and on good grounds: for here all conceivable preconditions seemed to obtain. An unpopular regime is in charge, headed by a general (very important in the guerrilla handbook, because the people find it easy to dislike the military); the country is weak economically and dependent upon the United States—a situation that favors propaganda about "imperialism" and "sellout"; the labor unions have long been under Communist influence, so have the students; geographic situation ranging from the icy summits of the Andes down into the deep tropics, is ideal for guerrilla maneuvers. So Guevara figured Bolivia would be his next great personal revolutionary achievement.

But the reckoning was askew. Guevara found sympathy only among the intellectuals, but very few of them followed him into the forest primeval, weapon in hand; most of them stayed in the cities and exhorted others to guerrilla feats. The decisive factor was that support of the peasantry was totally lacking. The Cubans, in their planning, had forgotten that the Bolivian peasantry believed they had already been liberated. Back in 1952, long before Castro's emergence in Cuba, there was a revolution in Bolivia that led not only to the nationalization of the great companies but also to a great land reform in which idle *latifundia* was expropriated, subdivided, and parceled out to landless peasants. The agrarian reform, to be sure, didn't bring prosperity to the countryside. But it did improve the position of the formerly dispossessed agricultural workers so decisively that they adopted a completely new feeling of citizenhip. Yesterday's peon has his own bit of land today, enjoys the feeling of ownership, and is wooed by all political parties. But he feels most closely allied to the party of the last regime, the MNR (*Movimiento Nacional Revolucionario*) of the exiled Dr. Victor Paz Estenssoro—for this is the party responsible for his liberation. The peasant fears that any violent alteration of present conditions might make his position worse and deprive him of advantages already won. So the country people had no intention of supporting Guevara and his band in the manner guerrillas need to survive. Oh yes, they sold victuals to the guerrillas—at fancy prices, for gold always shines—but that didn't keep them from telling the authorities where to look for Guevara's troops.

It was not only the *indios* in the hinterland who gave Guevara a nasty shock; so did the Bolivian soldiers. It was generally thought that they wouldn't stand—would, indeed, break and run. Nothing of the sort happened. With inferior weapons they fought magnificently. If it is true that Guevara, wounded, cried out "I am shattered"—doubtless he meant the end not only of himself but of his whole program for the conquest of Latin America through guerrilla warfare.

Until recently Castro has believed that geographical obstacles are the only kind that might prevail against guerrilla action. Now his opponents point out that even in those countries where guerrillas have been active for years—Venezuela, Colombia, Guatemala—there has never been a really decisive guerrilla victory or even one seriously endangering the regime. Elsewhere, for example in Peru, the partisans have been obliterated, or their activities have been reduced to nil. Will Castro now be persuaded to reject the use of force and retreat to the doctrine of peaceful coexistence? It is a question of paramount importance.

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NOVEMBER 28, 1967

From the Hip

Christmas '67: Giving Till It Hurts

ROBERT M. PATRICK

I like Christmas.

It never fails to give me a holiday feeling. I can remember, when I was just a kid, beginning to read "A Christmas Carol," a page or two each night, starting right after Labor Day.

There I was, up in the attic, snug in my brass bed under a genuine "*Schwarzwalder*" eiderdown that used to be my Grandmother's, and has since disintegrated. I certainly had a warm feeling.

Patrick

Scrooge was never my favorite character, of course (actually, Tiny Tim was). But at least he got the spirit, in the end. That's what counts. What never fails to amaze me is that—year after year—people resist the Christmas spirit until it's so late that the rush-rush-rush spoils the whole thing.

I was saying that very thing to Bill Buckley just the other day. (Bill had offered me a ride home on the back of his Honda.) My point was that NR ought to start Christmas early this year, and I think that the reasons I advanced, from athwart the rear wheel, were cogent indeed.

Breeze Is Brisk

I hope Bill heard them—the breeze is pretty brisk zooming up Park Avenue, and sound has a way of traveling backwards under such conditions. He really needs an intercom on that thing.

I distinctly heard the words "Why don't you do it, Bob?"

Bill's wish is my mandate, as I always say. So here I am, asking you to start your Christmas shopping right now, simply by using the card facing this page to give gift subscriptions of *National Review* to *everyone* on your list!

Is that a lot to ask? All right, then how about giving at least *two:* select those people that you feel are the most deserving (that's no problem for me—I just start at the top, and work down).

Right here, I know our ad people will expect me to include all this business about how quick and easy it is to shop by mail (avoid crowds, wrapping desks, that kind of thing). Personally, though, I think *National Review* is the perfect gift this Christmas because it will bring your friends every issue of NR from now *right through the '68 elections.* But that's just my opinion.*

Bad Humbug

One thing I'm sure we *can* agree on: the *spirit* part. Christmas is a time when we should give *meaningful* gifts. NR is certainly *that,* of course—thoughtful, too, and flattering, if you get what I mean. In the final analysis, I guess that's the very best reason I can advance as to why you'd be wrong *not* to use the card facing this page. I know our circulation people won't like this, but if a gift is worth giving, it is worth standing in line for, worth lugging to the crowded Post Office, standing in line, and all the rest of it. The mere fact that giving NR is as easy as rrriiipping out the card facing this page is irrelevant—or, as Scrooge might have said, it's bad Humbug.

It's the thought that counts. But then, it's easy for *you* to agree with me, because you're an NR reader, and you *know* about the important things in life. Everybody doesn't. Take my word for it.

I'm reminded in particular of Nick Nann, a young fellow I once knew round about Junior High School, who told me that Santa Claus was *really* just your mother and father!

I still feel sorry for that kid.

*Well, not *just* my opinion. I'm sure Bill, for one, would agree—and by the way, he also wanted me to wish you, one and all, a Merry Christmas from all of us here, to all of you, wherever you are. Happy New Year too.

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Mr. Friedman fears that when Mayor Stokes fails to preform the kind of miracles his constituency now expects of him Cleveland may be in for heightened race strife

FOCUS ON CLEVELAND

SAUL FRIEDMAN

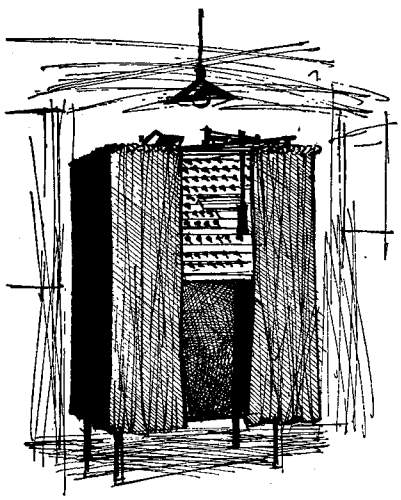
The off-year municipal elections of 1967 are over and the victories of Stokes in Cleveland, Hatcher in Gary, and White in Boston have been hailed as premonitories of a thaw in this nation's race relations. Such pundits as Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins, and Hubert Humphrey have welcomed the long-overdue entrance into the mainstream of American political life of a black power structure, which has made its force felt at the polls, which has secured the election of its choice candidates. Generally, the results have been hailed as a triumph of true American democracy. As Cleveland's Mayor-elect Stokes put it, "I now know the meaning of the words, 'God Bless America.'"

If the Cleveland mayoral election is indicative of the sentiments of the white urban populations in the North, then those soothsayers who seem to have detected signs of moderating tendencies among the nation's white hyphenates are sadly mistaken. In the city of Cleveland, candidate Stokes won about 25 per cent of the total white vote cast, less than 45,000 votes in all. Contrast this with the more than 90,000 votes obtained in white wards by his opponent, then incumbent Mayor Ralph Locher, in the Democrat primary the previous month. An election in which a large section of the white voters cast their ballots *against* a candidate because of his race, in which 99 per cent of the Negro voters cast their ballots *for* a candidate because of his race, can hardly be heralded as a triumph of the democratic process. Though Stokes campaigned on the slogan "Vote for the man, not for his race," it is obvious that few members of the electorate listened to him. Although the Republican Party in Cleveland was nigh moribund before 1967, had not elected a mayor in 26 years, had fewer than 50,000 registered voters in the city, and had seen its candidate receive 44,000 votes in 1965, this year its candidate got 125,000 votes and almost carried the election, chiefly because of nationality wards which defected from the Democratic Party.

Stokes a No-Show?

Nevertheless, the city of Cleveland now has its show-piece mayor. Negroes, just like all the other American minority groups before them, the Italians, Irish, Jews, Poles, have elected one of their own to represent them. Stokes comes relatively prepared for the job, having served in the Ohio State House of Representatives—where in three terms not one single piece of important legislation bore his name. Reporters assigned to the statehouse noted that often he had a somewhat dilatory attitude about legislative matters, became bored with committee meetings.

Stokes was elected mayor of Cleveland despite the fact that his attendance record throughout his years in Columbus was spotty, little better



than 50 per cent. At a time when most of the important pieces of legislation were up for consideration by the General Assembly this past summer (between June and August), he was handling the affairs of a group of Cleveland Browns football players in their private contract negotiations with Art Modell, rather than tending to matters of state, for which he had been duly elected. As a result, the Mayor-to-be was absent from the House when the Schinnerer Riot Control bill was passed, when two workmen's compensation laws were passed, when four water pollution and control bills were passed, when a bill dealing with garnishment of wages (something that affects the poor most directly) was passed, when two bills dealing with Aid for Dependent Children were passed, when three bills dealing with vital aspects of state education were passed, when a bill dealing with the right of appeal from adverse decisions of the Civil Rights Commission were passed, when bills dealing with unemployment compensation, encouragement of additional education for police, veterans' benefits, tuberculosis hospitals, and the children of war veterans were passed.

Stokes was elected because he had a plan for Cleveland, a vision of making the city over into that proverbial "model city," about which urbanologists constantly prattle, a city that would not be derided weekly by the likes of *Newsweek* Magazine for its neo-fascist sentiments. Where public ownership of utilities had been an institution in Cleveland since the glorious reform days of Tom L. Johnson, Stokes proposed to divest the city of such income properties as the Municipal Light Plant and the Cleveland Transit System. Private electric company entrepreneurs, their own rates held in check for so long by the governing principle of the Muny Light Plant, could hardly restrain their glee at this proposal. Many contributed heavily to Stokes' campaign fund.

In the week following his election, Stokes announced that all proceeds from his inaugural ball would go toward buying clothing for poor school children. Ever mindful of his image, he announced the appointment of his Safety Director, a white man who was rewarded for assistance supplied

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Stokes in the West Side wards of Cleveland. On November 9 he selected a new police chief, the former No. 2 man in the Cleveland Police Department. This appointment was hardly more startling than the new chief's decree that henceforth there would be more moderation in police tactics towards the citizens of Cleveland. More police would be assigned to foot patrols (though the regions where they would be assigned were not specified) and police would not wear white safety helmets while on duty (these, it was argued, seemed to antagonize certain segments of the population). This, apparently, was the way to get down to grips with the problems of a city which exploded in 1966 and smoldered in 1967.

LBJ Will Lend a Hand

There is no question that when Stokes finally begins working in Cleveland he will receive all the assistance, especially financial, that Washington can pour into Cleveland. There is no question but that the White House, through lack of support of Stokes' predecessor Locher over the past two years, contributed to Stokes' continuing image as "the first Negro almost to be elected mayor of a major American city." The proffer of a federal judgeship to Locher if he would step down, the swiftness of congratulations upon Stokes' victories in the primary and final election, the eager volunteering of aid in the final election, all betray the overwhelming desire on the part of Lyndon Johnson to see a Negro elected in Cleveland. Unlike Locher, a highly competent civil servant who was crucified by the mass media after his urban renewal proposals were pilloried by federal officials, Stokes could now submit requests for cash on Cheerio box tops and see them expeditiously approved. Locher spent much of the last two years literally begging for help in Washington. Now, Washington will send its underlings to Cleveland to ensure that the Stokes administration looks good.

Stokes' election precipitated a Mardi Gras atmosphere in the Negro sections of Cleveland. Another Messianic era had been entered and East 55th and Quincy, 105th and Superior, 79th and Hough, all bubbled over with excitement and jubilation. Several days later, however, when the political hangover had worn off, Negro residents of these regions awoke to find themselves still living in squalor, still owing the landlord the rent, still wondering about the rats, still worrying whether their children had shoes to wear to school. The election of a Negro hadn't changed that. The election of a Negro could not change that. All the money that Washington may pour into Cleveland will not change that.

It is certain that quite soon disillusionment with Stokes will set in among Cleveland's Negroes. Already before his primary triumph there were some Black Muslims who were calling him an Uncle Tom. His chief advisers have been whites. His appointments, thus far, mainly of whites, can hardly endear him to a Negro community bent on flexing its political muscle. His failure, as certainly his efforts will be a failure, to alter radically the living conditions of the city's Negroes in two years, to end discrimination in schooling and housing, can only lead to increased bitterness on Cleveland's East Side.

Cleveland, which was spared a riot in the summer of 1967, allegedly because of the Negroes' desire to win vacillating white voters to their cause (and actually because of the determined efforts of Ralph Locher to supply the ghetto areas with recreation, entertainment and education), may see one flare in 1968 because of unfulfilled dreams. Its mayor, much as the melodramatic figure in Flint, will go before sympathetic cameras and bewail his inability to push vital legislation through a City Council, only ten of whose 34 members are Negroes. Civil rights legislation, better schools for the inner city, fully integrated schools, open housing, more police protection, improved sanitation facilities, even air and water pollution control may have to be shelved because of the intransigence of white councilmen. What other recourse would Negro dissidents have but to riot once more?

The fact is that civil rights advocates, educational games-players, white liberals, Negroes, and perhaps even Mayor Stokes do not recognize that the problems of Cleveland are inexorably tied up with the more than fifty cities, towns, and incorporated hamlets which have hemmed Cleveland in along Lake Erie since the end of the nineteenth century. Yet, while complaining of their geographical and economic straitjacket, the inhabitants of the inner city would never dream of agreeing to being subsumed within the greater structure of metropolitan government. Under such circumstances, their newly-attained political power would be erased and a Carl Stokes might never again be elected. So too, the lilywhite suburbs, for their part, though cognizant of the housing, educational, and economic needs of the city, drawing their own livelihoods from the city, and dependent upon the city for their welfare, want no association with the city, and least of all with a Negro mayor. In the final analysis Cleveland will burn again.

Nobody Won

The truth is that there were no winners in the Cleveland mayoral election of 1967. Neither whites nor Negroes in this troubled city will gain a respite from the racial climate which has plagued a city that once prided itself on the mutual respect that its many national and racial groups showed one another. The Democratic Party has been splintered by defections, and though the Republican Party may have gained numerical support, it has been of a destructive, rather than constructive type. Carl Stokes has assumed a task which, for him, may prove astronomical. And finally, Lyndon Johnson may ultimately find the results fatal for him in 1968. The President, already disliked in middle-class suburbs and on the farms because of his fiscal policies and booed on college campuses because of his Vietnam policy, has now alienated by the crass manner of his support for unqualified Negro candidates the hyphenate nationality groups that formed the core of the Democratic Party in northern urban centers. The Presidential election of 1968 may well have been lost in the municipal elections of 1967 in cities like Cleveland, Gary and Boston. Without overwhelming pluralities in the cities mentioned above, without the support of already antagonized hyphenates in Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit or Newark, Lyndon Johnson cannot carry Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Massachusetts or New Jersey in 1968. Without those states he cannot win the election.

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London-A Man's City

ALEC WAUGH

Forty-five years ago, an American assured me that I was lucky to be a Londoner. "It's a man's city," he insisted. I had then no experience of any other city. I had not yet been to New York; I had only passed through Paris; and I, in my middle twenties, was acutely conscious of certain of London's disadvantages. Its drinking regulations in particular. Public houses closed at ten or half past ten, very few stayed open till eleven. In restaurants you could have a drink only if you ordered something to eat as well, and waiters badgered you to finish off your bottle before half past twelve. Some restaurants had extension rights till two o'clock, but that involved the consumption of an expensive supper. All of which presented a perpetual problem to an impecunious young man with romantic tendencies.

This is the kind of thing that happened.

I would be invited to a Bloomsbury dinner party. Among the guests would be a young female of considerable attractions. I was not seated next to her, but she was across the table from me and as the meal progressed, I would become conscious of a sense of kinship. We found the same things amusing. When the men joined the ladies afterwards, I at once moved beside her. The sense of kinship deepened. But our host was one of those men who liked moving their guests around. I was soon switched across the room. I bided my time. When the senior guests rose to go, I returned to the attack. Could I give her a lift home, I asked. "I live a long way out" she said, "in Hampstead." My flat was in Kensington; in exactly the opposite direction. "That's not so far," I'd say. But all the same it was and during the long drive to her northern heights, I would think of how cozy it would have been if we could have stopped for half an hour in a quiet cafe, where we could, over a nightcap, make up our minds about each other and decide whether or not we wanted to see more of one another. But that was something that we could not do without going back into the center of London, and then it would have meant going to a cabaret. It was early days for so elaborate a campaign and it was late. London, I would think, was too far spread out, and then there were these tiresome drink regulations. I would, of course, take her telephone number but tomorrow was another day and my diary was black with entries. Most likely the whole thing would peter out for lack of that quiet half hour's chat at the right moment. That was one of the troubles about London. I could not see quite what my American friend meant by describing it

as a man's city. If one was a townsman by instinct, if one had good health, and one's career was prospering, any big city was a grand place to be around in at twenty-five. But I could not see where London had it over Berlin and Paris and New York. My American friend, however, was in his middle forties and by the time I had reached his age, I had come to realize the particular solaces, the very special privileges that London has to offer, with its clubs, its small shops, its institutions, its personal integrated social life—for nine hundred years after all, its streets have been untrodden by foreign feet.

It takes a young man quite a little while both to be accepted by and to feel his way into a special and self-contained way of living. When he has once made his choice he rarely reconsiders it. For forty-five years I have had the same tailor and the same shirtmaker. I only do not have the same wine merchant because the first recipient of my custom delivered himself in 1933 of a scurrilous attack upon my brother.

For the last four years of the last war, I served in the Middle East. Excited though I was at the prospect of getting back to England, I could not help being apprehensive. I had been assured that I should find London very changed; not only the city shabby, but Londoners had become discourteous. Their patience was exhausted, and indeed I did find that I had to be on my guard. If I asked a bus conductor or a stranger in a bus where I got off for a certain destination, I was liable to get my head snapped off. This awkward atmosphere did not last for long. It began to vanish as soon as the troops came back from overseas. But even during the first uncomfortable weeks, my clubs and shops served as pockets of resistance. The personnel of a small personal shop does not change as does that of a department store. As I walked down the familiar streets from one of my clubs to my wine merchant or tailor, I was able to find that I was back where I belonged.

Because of this pattern of clubs and shops and institutions, a Londoner does not lose touch with his old friends. England is very small and most Englishmen who have made their mark in life have links with London. I do not nowadays spend more than eight weeks a year there, but I belong to four social clubs, two dining and two cricket clubs, so I do not need to make any particular effort to see my men friends. Moreover, because of this pattern of clubs, retirement has not for the Londoner the sad corollaries that it must have for the sons of other cities who, when they are no longer in the swim, retire into the country and are seen no more. The Londoner stays in the swim; though he does not go to an office every morning, he has innumerable occupations for his leisure, sitting in an unpaid capacity on this or that board, acting as the treasurer or honorary secretary of this or that dining or athletic club. He is still busy; he can still think himself important. It is that, in the last analysis, that makes London a man's city.

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FROM THE ACADEMY

In Praise Of Some Catholic Colleges

RUSSELL KIRK

DESPITE all the clamor and confusion in Catholic intellectual circles nowadays, there survives a central great tradition of faith and intellect in Catholic universities and colleges which is likely to remain healthful long after the present controversy is forgotten. Recently, in this page, I criticized a certain rashness at various Catholic universities, eager to be modern and to escape from dullness. To paraphrase Sir Thomas Browne, not every man is a proper champion of the truth; many have rashly charged the hosts of error and have fallen trophies to the enemies of right reason.

Kirk

Let me add, however, that I have visited a good many sound Catholic institutions of higher learning, neither stagnant nor bitten by the lust for innovation. I offer here two examples: Aquinas College, a Dominican establishment in Grand Rapids, dedicated to the prescriptive ends of liberal learning; and Saint Mary's College, in northern California, a Benedictine foundation interested in prudent experiment.

MY ASSISTANT, Mr. William Odell, has enrolled at Aquinas. Years ago, Mr. Odell dropped out of another college from boredom, and spent four years in the Air Force. Returning to the grove of academe, he finds that Aquinas is precisely what he always had hoped college would be. The staff are earnest and able scholars, thoroughly interested in both their disciplines and their students; the curriculum is well designed for the life of the mind, with almost nothing in the way of boondoggle or superficial-survey courses.

As a church-connected college should be, Aquinas is strong in literature, music and art. Small though the college is, Aquinas offers seven courses in Greek literature, for instance, and fourteen in Latin. By way of contrast, the typical Behemoth State University (formerly Behemoth Normal College) cannot possibly deign to offer instruction in Plato, Greek tragedy, and Greek historians; or in Vergil, Cicero, medieval Latin literature, or St. Augustine.

Aquinas' only concessions to vocationalism are curricula in education (an inevitable concession to state teacher-certification requirements), business administration, medical technology, and engineering—this last a rudimentary program. Almost no courses at Aquinas waste time or money; and by cautious adherence to that frugal principle, many private and church-connected colleges could save themselves from imminent bankruptcy.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE at present is making progress with its "Integrated Liberal Arts Curriculum," within its larger School of Liberal Arts. This considerably resembles the "Great Books" programs at the two campuses of St. John's College and at the College of the University of Chicago, but is consciously Catholic, in the best sense of that word.

In addition to studying, in chronological order, a considerable number of great works of literature, the students in the new Saint Mary's program participate in seminars, write careful senior essays, work scientifically in a laboratory, and have available special tutorial instruction in theology, languages, mathematics and music. Such disciplines as history, economics, and sociology—and preprofessional instruction—are integrated into the system, which is intelligently designed to inform the liberal and moral imagination.

To list the principal books examined would require too much space here. It must suffice to mention some which usually are neglected in the average college, or even in other "great books" programs. Among such are four dramas of Aeschylus, Ptolemy's *Almagest,* Lucan's *Pharsalia,* three plays of Seneca, Clement of Alexandria's *Christ the Educator,* four works of St. Anselm, Luther's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians,* Racine's *Phaedre,* Lobachevski's *Theory of Parallels,* and Newman's *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.* The Bible, Vergil, Plutarch, Plotinus, St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Chaucer, Rabelais, More, Machiavelli, Calvin, Montaigne, Donne, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Hobbes, Galileo, Spinoza, Locke, Newton, Pascal, Leibnitz, Swift, Hume, Milton, Voltaire, Kant, Lavoisier, *The Federalist Papers,* Goethe, Kierkegaard, Marx, Darwin, Mendel, Tolstoy, Dostoyevski, William James, Jung, and Einstein are not neglected.

In general, this seems to me much superior to the selection made by Mortimer Adler and Robert Hutchins in their well-known Great Books program. Although the Adler library is supposed to be organized on systematic principles of importance, it is curious how authors who do not conform to the prejudices of Adler and Hutchins are totally excluded: Cicero, Burke, and Newman, for instance. Little such partisanship is discernible in the Saint Mary's program.

BOTH CICERO and Newman are included, although the selections from these writers might be longer. Burke's name is not to be found, however; if the inclusion of Hegel is taken as a substitution, this is an error, for Hegel is neither so readable nor so important as Burke.

At both Aquinas and Saint Mary's, clearly, humane learning remains vigorous on a humane scale. The educational task is not confounded with the development of "current social awareness," nor lost in specialization and vocationalism. If, with their limited financial resources, Catholic colleges devote themselves to such ends, they will leaven the lump of our sensate culture and redeem some of our rising generation from educationist puerilities.

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Blundering into Danger

ELSPETH HUXLEY

"Policy," Professor Marshall writes, "is out on a limb." Just how far out, how rotten the limb and how it got there, he demonstrates in 45 concise and irrefutable pages. This is the sad, sad story of how the State Department, through ignorance and subservience to what he calls "the whims of necessitous neophyte nations," has blundered into a position on Rhodesia that is not only false, unjust, and untenable, but outright dangerous. For Rhodesia has been declared by the Security Council to be a Threat to World Peace. Under the UN Charter, threats to world peace must be dispelled: hence mandatory sanctions against Rhodesian trade that, *inter alia,* are obliging the U.S. to buy chrome from Communist Russia instead of from anti-Communist Rhodesia. If sanctions fail—and no one any longer even pretends that they will not fail—the member states are, under the Charter, required to use force. So if, Professor Marshall warns, we keep to our present course, we shall be faced with a legal and logical obligation to declare war on Mr. Ian Smith and his world-peace-threatening government.

In Nigeria, the bloody breakup and collapse of law and order intensify as Russia intervenes. A threat to world peace? Certainly not. The Egyptian buildup of Russian arms to launch all-out war on Israel accelerates. A threat to world peace? Perish the thought. Somalia's forces, Russian-armed, have invaded Kenya, while Ethiopians, U.S.-aided, prepare for a showdown with Somalia in the Ogaden. A threat to world peace? Far from it. In Congo and Sudan, civil war savagely sputters on . . . no need to continue. But in Salisbury, Rhodesia, with its well-kept streets, full car-parks, flowering trees and busy supermarkets; its pram-pushing housewives, racially integrated hotels, university and parliament; its Saturday football, Sunday picnics and Monday stream-to-work; amid these scenes of mayhem preside Mr. Smith and his fellow bandits, defying world peace by maintaining law and order in this lawless and disorderly continent, evading sanctions that would lead to the unemployment, misery and ultimate starvation of his four million African citizens.

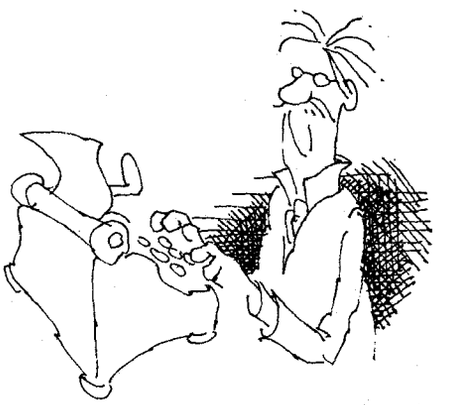
Crisis Over Rhodesia, by Charles Burton Marshall. Johns Hopkins, $1.45

This is the applecart the United States may be called upon to topple and destroy—that, or repudiate its obligations under the UN Charter. American bombs smashing Salisbury's business centers, blocks of flats and railroads and pulping its citizens, mainly Africans, who have breathed no threat to anyone, massed behind no frontiers, bought no Russian arms, and desired nothing but to live in peace with their neighbors. Such is Professor Marshall's warning; and his booklet, which should be compulsory reading for every congressman, State Department official, editor and everyone even remotely connected with policy-making, traces how this crazy, tragic situation has come about.

BRIEFLY, it has come about through taking at its face value everything Mr. Harold Wilson and Lord Caradon have said. Mr. Wilson has constantly alleged that Mr. Smith's government has rebelled against the British Crown. How? By making his Unilateral Declaration of Independence in 1965? But—and this is all too little understood—in doing so Mr. Smith overthrew no constitution, staged no *coup,* hauled down no flag and breathed no word of defiance to a Crown he continued to acknowledge. Mr. Smith and his government were *legally* elected under a constitution agreed upon in 1961 by the British and Rhodesian governments. They simpy went on governing the country as before with their legally elected parliament and set of laws.

A constitution that had been perfectly legal and acceptable in 1961 suddenly became, in 1965, so outrageous as to be a Threat to World Peace. Why? Because, in effect, Mr. Smith said "boo" to Mr. Wilson. In 1963, the unhappy federation between Rhodesia and the present Malawi and Zambia was dissolved and the two latter countries, whose peoples and economies were less advanced than Rhodesia's, achieved their independence. Rhodesia naturally expected independence too. The country had enjoyed *de facto* independence for forty years. It had never been under the Colonial Office. Britain was not, as the Security Council claimed it to be, the "administering power." There were, however, certain residual strings under the 1961 constitution that still tied Salisbury to London, and it was the unilateral severance of these strings—saying "boo" to Mr. Wilson—that constituted the "rebellion."

Even supposing that the cutting of



these strings does, legalistically, amount to a "rebellion"—and this is arguable—since when has it been the duty of the United States to crack down on anyone who, strictly on paper, rebels against the British

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Crown? And from a capital city which, as Professor Marshall reminds us, "honors the name of a President who endeared himself to his countrymen by leading such a rebellion" in days gone by?

ASIDE FROM this paper "rebellion," the threat to world peace is held to spring from the continued rule of a white minority. It is also little understood that this is a transitional state of affairs. The 1961 constitution provides for the progressive enfranchisement of Africans on the same roll as white voters until, in a comparatively few years, they will outnumber the whites. In fact, if all those Africans who qualify took the trouble to register, there would be about the same number of African and European voters on the roll right now, and an African majority in a few years. This is not apartheid; Rhodesia's feet are on the road to integration; it is all a matter of time. Mr. Smith has one notion of how much time should be allowed for this process, Mr. Wilson has another. Who can be certain which is right? Come to that, how right has Mr. Wilson been, on how many issues, in the last three years?

ALL ALONG, BRITAIN, Professor Marshall recalls, has emphasized that this is a moral issue: the right to rule of the majority. (What has happened, incidentally, to the rights of minorities, of which we used to hear so much?) Fashions in moral issues change, he points out, like those in ladies' hats. Time was when white pioneers were applauded as agents of civility, tranquillity and development. That idea went out around the same time as cloche hats; "tranquillity came to be thought of as oppression, civility as coercive imposition of white men's preferences, and development as exploitation." Once (let's say in 1776) attempts to impose the imperial will upon distant colonies were looked upon by right-minded persons as shocking tyranny; today, when attempted by Mr. Wilson, they are clarion calls to freedom and justice. The irony is that Mr. Wilson's government no longer has the power to impose its will on anyone, anywhere. So it has passed the buck to the United Nations. Zambia's emissary to London, Mr. Simule, may have been less than diplomatic in describing the country to which he was accredited as a toothless bulldog, but he was dead right. Gone are the gunboats; and Mr. Wilson plays a game with paper ones, his back resolutely turned upon reality. Instead of advising him to snap out of it, Uncle Sam has merely joined in.

It is time we all got off the nursery floor onto a more adult level. If the basis of U.S. policy is to shift from what Arthur Krock has called a "compound of sentimentality and expediency" to something more reliable, the first step is to study the facts. Here they are, set out with brevity and authority. This is no blast of special pleading from an Ian Smith stooge. It deserves serious study on which to base, before it is too late, a drastic reappraisal of a policy that, were it to succeed, would intensify African chaos, and, if it fails, may lead us all to the brink of disaster.

Books for Christmas

. . . But Once A Year

GUY DAVENPORT

AMERICA'S PAST is the family album. Our history long ago ceased to be oral; we have no epic, no folktales. Our history is peculiarly imagistic. —even a bridge-club hostess and a teen-ager can pick Washington, Lincoln, FDR, JFK, and LBJ out of a line-up of Presidents while remaining incapable of saying over seven words about any of them. It is therefore not surprising that when publishers put their best foot forward every Christmas their finest merchandise is the glorified family album.

Robert Cushman Murphy, scholar of ocean birds and the Antarctic, late president of the Audubon Society and a curator of the American Museum of Natural History, gives us some grand pages from *his* family album in *A Dead Whale or a Stove Boat* (Houghton, $8.50), seventy-five photographs of a whaling voyage in 1913, together with a commentary. This was the last expedition of a Yankee square-rigger; except for the captain's straw hat, these photographs might be of the *Pequod*. *Wilderness Kingdom: The Journals and Paintings of Father Nicholas Point* (Holt, $21.95) is an even older album. This translation by Joseph P. Donnelly, S.J. of Father Point's mission to the Indians of the Rocky Mountains (1840-1847) is a major contribution to American history. Father Point was an engaging painter as well as a sensitive recorder of Indian life. John C. Ewers of the Smithsonian has added an essay on the historical significance of Father Point; 232 of the paintings are reproduced in color. Nathan Silver's *Lost New York* (Houghton, $12.50) is 200 photographs of buildings and places that have perished: a melancholy account of Manhattan's restless self-destruction. An appendix lists buildings that are about to go.

ERICH SALOMON'S *Portrait of an Age* (Macmillan, $14.95) is an international album by the man for whom the phrase "candid camera" was invented. Before his death at Auschwitz Salomon managed to photograph practically every European and American celebrity, usually in an unguarded moment. Trials, conferences, and banquets were his specialties. Only his disciple Cartier-Bresson has equalled his sense of place and character. Allon Schoener's *Portal to America: The Lower East Side* (Holt, $12.95) was originally an exhibition of photographs for the Jewish Museum of New York and records a vivid half-century of immigration. Fred J. Balshofer and Arthur C. Miller, cameramen who grew up with the movies from the time when cowboys and Indians mimed before hand-cranked cameras on the Jersey flats through *The Perils of Pauline* to *The Song of Bernadette*, have collaborated on an enchanting history of the flicks, *One Reed a Week* (California, $4.95).

If you fancy an album of grand old automobiles, there's Ralph Stein's *The Great Cars* (Grosset & Dunlap, $12.95), with 201 illustrations, 96 of them in color. Clarence Gohdes, the

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scholar, has put together a collection of contemporary yarns, *Hunting in the Old South* (Louisiana State, $6.50), and the same press offers yet another piece of nostalgia, Al Rose's and Edmond Souchon's *New Orleans Jazz: A Family Album* ($15), narrative and pictures equally fine. And for a family album that really goes back to the dawn of things, there's Helen Blish's *A Pictographic History of the Oglala Sioux* (University of Nebraska, $17.95), which is 451 drawings made by Amos Bad Heart Bull between 1890 and 1913. Miss Blish has deciphered all this in ten years of research, and gives a full commentary on this strange document. And for an album thoroughly up-to-date, the versatile Senator Barry Goldwater displays his talent with a camera in *People and Places* (Random House, $10; deluxe edition, signed, $25), photographs of the United States, Mexico and Europe. And in typography and layout of the period, Franklin Watts offers Col. T. N. Dupuy's *The Military History of World War I* in twelve volumes ($2.95 each).

A Portrait of All the Russias (Morrow, $12.50) is an account by the African writer Laurens van der Post and the photographer Burt Glinn of an extensive look at the Soviets from one end to the other: a clear and skeptical view of Russia. The photographs, all of which are in color, are amazingly beautiful, and as informative as Mr. van der Post's lucid prose. *Columbus: The Story of Don Cristóbal Colón, Admiral of the Ocean and His Four Voyages Westward to the Indies* (Macmillan, $14.95) is by Björn Landström, the artist and writer who gave us some years ago that delicious book *The Ship*. Mr. Landström draws and writes together, elevating the art of the child's picture book to a very high order, so that his work is quite literally for all ages, no matter how demanding one's taste.

ART BOOKS, of course, claim their usual lion's share under the tree. The silliest of them this season, and therefore the most chic, is Andy Warhol's non-book which he calls *Andy Warhol's Index (Book)*. It contains things: a Hunt's Tomato Paste label, for instance, and a silver balloon, and comes in three editions: clothbound ($12.95), boxed ($50), or tin-foil bound ($4.95). Random House is the publisher. An even fancier but more normal high-class non-book is *The Atlantic Neptune*, an unbound collection of facsimile sheets of the first American marine atlas, views, plans, and charts of the entire coast of North America, compiled between 1774 and 1781 for the use of the British Navy. There will be three series in all; Series I is ready (Barre, $225). And if you want to shoot higher, there's Louise Nevelson's *Façade*, twelve original serigraphs in homage to Edith Sitwell (Abrams, $1,000). As long as we're on facsimiles, and you're up to a splendid gift, George Braziller has *The Lorsch Gospels* (court of Charlemagne) for $200.

ONE OF THE HANDSOMES of the season's art books is André Leroi-Gourhan's *Treasures of Prehistoric Art* (Abrams, $40) with 739 photographs, 121 colorplates, 187 drawings, and 56 maps. Volume IX of "The Arts of Mankind" Series is ready for this Christmas, André Grabar's *The Golden Age of Justinian* (Golden Press, $25), covering the fifth and sixth centuries of Byzantine arts and crafts: 465 illustrations.

Samuel Haskins' *African Image*

(Grosset & Dunlap, $12.95) juxtaposes African sculpture and photographs of contemporary Africa. Grosset, by the way, has begun a new series of paperbound artbooks with lots of color plates (eighty per volume). They are excellently done, cost only $1.25 each, and the titles thus far include *Picasso, Van Gogh, El Greco, Goya, Bosch*, and *Leonardo*. Sylvan Schendler's *Eakins* (Little, Brown, $12.50) has 158 reproductions, and is a welcome study of the great American. Morrow offers two major studies by Giuseppe Marchiori, *Matisse: The Artist and His Times* ($12.50), with 122 illustrations, 38 of them in color; and *Rouault* ($17.50), with 60 illustrations, 29 of them in color. Praeger issues a translation by William Gleckman of Willy Boesiger's and Hans Girsberger's *Le Corbusier 1910-1965* ($25), the obvious companion volume to which is their *Painters of the Bauhaus* ($18.50) by Eberhard Roters.

The Smithsonian Institution has published a book about the United States' exhibit at the São Paulo Ninth Biennial that caused some raised eyebrows among the Pop and Op set: *Edward Hopper and Environment U.S.A. 1957-1967* ($10 cloth, $5.95 paper). The Smithsonian has also done a fetching *Swiss Drawings: Masterpieces of Five Centuries* ($8.95). Nathan Knobler's *The Visual Dialogue*, an introduction to the appreciation of art (Holt, $11.95), is both an extremely fine textbook for the classroom and beyond, and a picturebook worth much attention. The new Skira books are *Treasures of Spain: Vol. 1* ($27.50), by J. M. Pita-Andrade, which ranges from Altamira to the seventeenth century; Jean Leymarie's *Picasso Drawings* ($7.50), and Gaëtan Picon's *Ingres* ($7.50).

Jiri Mucha's *Alphonse Mucha: The Master of Art Nouveau* (Tudor, $15) has 300 plates and the advantage of being about an artist we haven't heard much of in quite a while, whether he is or isn't the master of Art Nouveau. Klimt is, or Aubrey Beardsley, but there's no study of Klimt about this season. There is, however, an excellent one of Beardsley, by Brian Reade, and with an introduction by Sir John Rothenstein: *Aubrey Beardsley* (Viking, $16.95). Viking also has a superior album of Rodin (there are four others this season): Robert Descharnes' and Jean-François Chabrun's *Auguste Rodin* ($30). If you couldn't quite reach for *The Jerusalem Windows of Marc Chagall* that Braziller published five years ago, it's now reissued at $7.95, minus the two lithographs that ran the price of the first edition up. The New York Graphic Society is bringing out a *catalogue*

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raisonné of Picasso and begins with *Picasso: The Blue and Rose Periods 1900-1906* ($29.95). Sir Geoffrey Keynes' *William Blake's Songs of Innocence and of Experience* (Grossman, $16.50) is a reproduction of one of the most beautiful hand-made books in English: 54 color plates, together with a study by Sir Geoffrey. Sacheverell Sitwell's *Baroque and Rococo* (Putnam, $12.95) is as good to read as to look at; 105 monochrome illustrations, sixteen color.

THERE ARE TWO superior natural history books this season: Axel Amuchástegui's *Studies of Birds and Mammals of South America* (Van Nostrand, $12.95) and the long-awaited *Audubon's Animals* (Hammond, $25), a full-color reproduction of all 150 plates from John James Audubon's and John Woodhouse Audubon's *The Quadrupeds of North America* (1848). The *Birds,* classic that they are, have been thought for too long to be the end and be-all of Audubon's genius; and people who don't know the *Animals* are in for a great surprise.

Siegfried Giedion's seminal and monumental *Space, Time, and Architecture* has gone into a fifth, expanded edition (Harvard, $17.50). The *Horizon* folk weigh in with their usual fine performance; this year's is *The Horizon Book of the Elizabethan World* (Houghton, $18.50). Jen and Des Bartlett have done yet another photographic study of Africa, but up with the best: *Nature's Paradise* (Houghton, $19.95). And if you know a Holmes fan deserving the ultimate edition of the canon, there's William S. Baring-Gould's *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes* in two volumes, with illustrations by Charles Doyle, Sidney Paget, and Frederick Dorr Steele, together with maps and plans and other Sherlockiana (Potter, $25). For the scholar and traveler, there's Felix Markham's *Oxford* (Reynal, $15), rich in pictures.

Practically all prices listed here rise considerably after the first of the year.

Children's Books

Wonders in the Land of Sham

C. H. SIMONDS

RIGHT THIS WAY, please, with that carload of millstones I ordered. They're earmarked for the necks of all the perpetrators of this year's glut of Enriching, Enchanting, Endearing, Etcetera "children's books." They can't fool their small victims for long—but ah, the aunts, and oh, the uncles, who believe that to bestow *any* book upon *any* child somehow augments their own *karma.* If you've nothing in common, give the child bath towels or scratchy sweaters; let him dislike just you, not books as well. If the two of you mesh somewhere, then you already know better than to give him a book that you yourself haven't read and enjoyed.

It's been a good year for youth-slanted science fiction; leading the rest are two exciting books by John Christopher: *The White Mountains* and *The City of Gold and Lead* (Macmillan, $3.95 and $4.25). In the near future, the earth has been conquered, almost, by aliens who control mankind by implanting a devilish skullcap at age fourteen—but free men survive uncapped in an Alpine fastness. They recruit thirteen-year-old Will Parker; in the first book he makes his way to Switzerland and in the second, he and another boy spy out the city of the aliens where men serve as slaves—and pets. The books so far (the end is not in sight) have much of the flavor of Stevenson; they give the rare pleasure of a good tale well told. In Robert Silverberg's *The Gate of Worlds* (Holt, $4.50), a young Englishman romps picaresquely through a 1967 in which Europe has only just shaken off the Turks, and the greatest power is the Aztec empire. *Encounter Near Venus* (Farrar, $3.50), by Leonard Wibberley, takes four uncommonly likeable children on a space voyage with their cranky-genius uncle, to a small planet inhabited by mythical beasts (the Centaurs are rambunctious Cockneys) and some completely winning creatures who manifest themselves as small blue flames. There is a threat in this paradise, a Gollum writ large. A pleasant sf anthology for any age is *Worlds to Come* (Harper, $4.95), edited by Damon Knight.

Turning to fantasy, we find—not much that will do. Maurice Sendak has written and illustrated *Higgelty Piggelty Pop!* (Harper, $4.95), about a little dog-person who decides that there must be more to life and so sets out on a series of adventures. It's a genuine fairy tale: unsweet, unsappy; puzzling enough, and overspread with a faint chill of moonlight. Also out there in the moonlight, where reality blurs and things are not what they seem, is George MacDonald's *The Golden Key,* (Farrar, $3.95), illustrated by Sendak. This nineteenth-century tale is downright bewildering, sustained only by magic—which is as it should be. In *Earthfasts* (Dutton, $3.95), William Mayne begins with a drummer-boy who emerges from under the ground, out of his eighteenth century into our twentieth. There follows a gripping tale of boys, giants, King Arthur returned and such.

ADVENTURE FICTION usually takes place in other days—which is too bad, because the chance of personal courage is as much available as it ever was. *Don't Take Teddy* (Scribners, $3.95) could have been just a routine "problem" book about mental retardation. The hero, thirteen, flees with his fifteen-year-old brother (mental age, two or three) after Teddy accidentally hurts someone and is threatened with being locked away in a Home. Despite a bad translation (from the Norwegian of Baabis Friis-Baastad), the story is full of bravery, the younger brother's fierce love, and the cruelty of the rest of the flock to the hen that is crippled. It's disturbing, and good.

That debased word "poignant" is all that will do for *The White Colt* (Dutton, $3.95), by David Rook. Philip cannot talk—because he cannot love, it seems; then he meets and, quite literally, falls in love with the colt. With the help of a good old man he begins to reach out. There are dramas and difficulties, not minimized, before the happy but perfectly natural ending. This is no mere boy-and-horse story, just as Jack Couffer's *The Concrete Wilderness* (Meredith, $4.95) is no mere boy-and-dog story.

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The boy is as wild a thing as the wild dog he contrives to hide and nurture in Darkest Manhattan. As they will, people—even the sympathetic photographer who befriends the boy—mess things up. The lore of birds and beasts that survive somehow in the middle of the city is fascinating. It's not animals but men made sheep in P. H. Newby's *The Spirit of Jem* (Delacorte, $3.95). A boy comes to himself, doesn't know who or where he is. He meets a windy old man, similarly afflicted. They meet Jem, who says he knows who's behind it and who takes them to the cave hideout where he is the unquestioned leader of a vague struggle for freedom. But Jem, it develops, is behind it and is lust-for-power personified. Great battles; chilling escapes.

SOME REISSUES of old favorites: Frank R. Stockton's *Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coasts* (Macmillan, $3.95)—unromanticized but thrilling and, in this new edition, well-illustrated with old engravings; Henry A. Shute's utterly fraudulent but very funny *The Real Diary of a Real Boy* (Richard R. Smith, $3.95); *The Bears of Blue River* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75), by Charles Major, a long-neglected classic of pioneer life.

The scissors-and-paste types still

make livings spoiling poetry for children and vice versa. But happily, more and more poetry is being selected with taste instead of being jammed together or, worse, written to order for tender minds. In *Here and There* (Crowell, $4.50), Elinor Parker gathers a hundred "poems about places" beginning, nicely, with Benet's "American Names" and proceeding even unto Xanadu and Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire." Fourteen nineteenth-century narrative poems occupy *The Dark Tower* (Atheneum, $4.50), compiled by Dairine Coffey. They're all chestnuts—"The Prisoner of Chillon," "Childe Roland," "Sohrab and Rustum"—but it is good to have them together, uncluttered with the merely lyric. A small book, *Dwellers in the Wood* (Macmillan, $3.50), contains two poems by John Clare (1793-1864), "Badger" and "Marten," on the theme of the goodness of nature until man intrudes. Harold Goodwin's drawings are perfectly Hogarthian, especially the ones of the crowd (slowly) killing the badger. A nice section of the poems and prophecies is handsomely illustrated with the poet's own engravings in *William Blake: An Introduction* (Harcourt, $4.50); Anne Malcolmsen's explanatory essay is sensibly matter-of-fact. *Sound No Trumpet* (Crowell, $3.75), a life of Alan Seeger by Irving Werstein, is a model of intelligent, uncondescending and un-fictionalized biography. Also: *Poems from France* (Crowell, $4.50), selected by William Jay Smith; *Kaleidoscope* (Harcourt, $3.95), poems by American Negro poets edited by Robert Hayden.

Picture books are always fun, and sometimes substantial. Children will no doubt love *The Charles Addams Mother Goose* (Windmill Books, $4.95), as much as their elders are horrified by it; did you know that those blind mice lost their tails to an *electric* carving knife? Tomi Ungerer has a fine thing in *Zeralda's Ogre* (Harper, $3.95), about a beast who devours succulent children until super-succulent Zeralda puts him wise to, *inter alia*, Pompano Sarah Bernardt and Choucroute Garnie. *Cowboys and the Songs They Sang* (Wm. R. Scott, $5.95), by S. J. Sackett, is mostly a music book, but it cleverly juxtaposes sentimental songs with gritty period photographs that show the realities of cowboy life. Photographs, by the way, are only now coming into their own in children's literature. A model for more is *Africa's Animals* (Ridge Press/Doubleday, $3.95), whose short texts and sweeping color photographs (by Marvin Newman and Eliot Elisofon) tell more than a ream of cute rhymes and cuter drawings ever could. Children should like *Little Wide-Awake* (World, $8.95), an anthology of Victorian children's literature edited by Leonard de Vries, if only because it shows what their ancestors had to endure in the way of laborious edification. And of Bill Hoest's wordless *A Taste of Carrot* (Atheneum, $1.95), the sad tale of a rabbit who learns that there are things to eat besides greens, I can say only that it belongs (and will fit) in anybody's stocking.

AND FINALLY the Christmas books: *A Wreath of Christmas Legends* (Macmillan, $3.95) is fifteen poems by Phyllis McGinley, all with a warm old-Yuletide-carol flavor. In *A Shepherd* (Prentice-Hall, $4.95), Heywood Broun tells a slightly irreverent and altogether beautiful tale about the shepherd who refused to go to Bethlehem. *The Christmas Pony* (Bobbs-Merrill, $5), by Helen Mc-

Cully and Dorothy Crayder, recalls a good old-fashioned holiday (1912) in a huge old house where "the whole year was tilted toward Christmas."

Playing the Academic Game

THOMAS DAY

EVERY FIRST-YEAR graduate student dreams that some day he will be a great college professor in a long flowing doctoral gown. He can just picture himself with a pipe held firmly between his teeth and a flock of adoring students at his feet. But by the time this same student has received his first appointment as a lowly instructor, he has probably long since realized that the academic profession is not quite so idyllic. As a matter of fact it can be, at times, nothing less than a dirty fist fight for promotion, in which the victor

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***Up the Ivy*, by Academicus Mentor. Hawthorn Books, $2.75**

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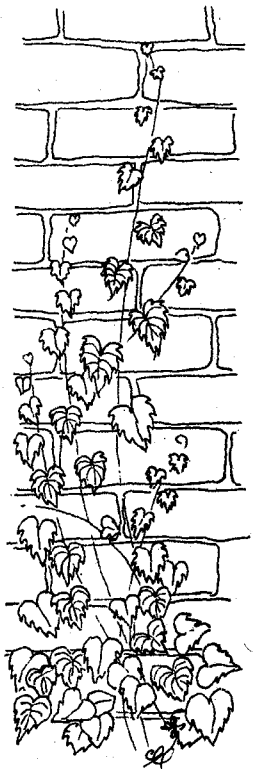

gets a full professorship and the vanquished a bloody nose, a few broken bones, and a terminal contract.

The novice teacher on the college level will find *Up the Ivy* an indispensable guide on everything from publishing to perishing. Of course, there will be a few insensitive readers who will only see this 71-page booklet as a clever piece of satire, a charming bit of reading for the train ride home. Nothing could be further from the truth. This little book contains probably some of the most sound, albeit cynical, advice ever given to the new college teacher. The reader will undoubtedly get a few laughs from the book but, at the same time, he should be taking very thorough notes.

The author, known only as Academicus Mentor, repeats one theme throughout the book: Keep your mouth shut, especially when a colleague is the topic of conversation. "A customary indoor sport of academic men is the dissection of other members of the profession. Never permit yourself to be drawn into such folly. Academic men are frequently cold fish, whose brains have gone to their heads. Warmth, sympathy, and human kindness they may exhibit in their books, but in their everyday relations these traits are often conspicuously wanting." At faculty discussions, meetings of learned societies, and so forth, try to look intelligent but avoid speaking at all costs. For some reason, people confuse golden silence with wisdom and profundity. Besides, the silent type of person usually can develop several reputations just by letting his colleagues use their imaginations. No matter what a new teacher has to say, no matter how sharp his perception happens to be, his older superiors will judge him as a bright but dangerous young man, who is bound to cause trouble. Perhaps Academicus Mentor has learned all of this from bitter experience.

THERE IS ONE and only one way up the ladder of academic advancement and that is publishing. But the young professor should not be discouraged if he happens to suffer from a complete lack of originality and new ideas. Rather than shock his colleagues (especially the ones who determine tenure) with new interpretations and new insights, the scholar should limit himself to factual material which can be easily and systematically pasted together; in this way he will earn the gratitude of his colleagues and avoid the responsibility of defending new ideas. For the teacher who wants to get ahead and yet write as little as possible, Academicus Mentor has several good suggestions. For example, one can work on the definitive biography of some important figure. This kind of task can take decades to finish and, in the meantime, people in the profession will refer to the researcher as so-and-so, the great (insert name here) scholar, even though the work has not appeared in print. "Unpublished works," says Mentor, "always give others the opportunity of overestimating your abilities."

There must be thousands of dropout teachers roaming the streets today, who never quite got over the shock of discovering that members of the academic profession also share all the petty vices of the human race. There have been critics of academe and certainly no lack of crusaders who would like to see an end to the method of advancement which takes into account only a teacher's publications and not his teaching. For better or worse, however, the present system looks as if it will be able to withstand many and repeated attacks for some time to come. Meanwhile, if you can't beat the academic game, the next best thing is to join it . . . and play by the rules. *Up the Ivy*, in spite of its satire and humor, will serve as a perfect rule book for those who would like to know just how the game is played.

Records

Esperanto, Fortissimo

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

A SUBDIVISION of the Columbia Broadcasting System is Columbia Records. A subsidiary of Columbia Records is Epic Records. A subsidiary of Epic is Crossroads Records. Lower than this one cannot go. Now the interesting thing about Crossroads is that it's no carfax at all, but an ideological *cul-de-sac* where an aging heresy is nursed, rouged, and propped in the window to comfort the unquestioning. It is the old *rubato* notion that music is "the universal language."

Acting out this piece of folly, the street sweepers at Crossroads have decided to put out a string of recordings of the standard musical literature of the Western World—all performed by utterly obscure and even alien hands. Under the Crossroads label you will find the Prague Chamber Orchestra, the Smetana Quartet (no relation to Bedrich S., comp., d. 1884, who wrote his great E Minor Quartet two years after going stone deaf), the Suk Trio, the Prague Madrigal Singers (no relation to the Singer Sewing Machine people), the Janacek Quartet (no relation to Leos J., comp., musicologist, d. 1928), the Musici Pragenses, the Brno State Philharmonic, the Japan Philharmonic. . . .

The idea, you see, is to put Bach, Vivaldi, Mozart, Brahms, Beethoven and the rest of that crowd into the hands of The Family Of Man and turn on the tape recorder at the first hint of noise. It's all music, isn't it? A universal language, no?

Unfortunately for the theory, it is

***Franck: Symphony in D Minor:* Sir John Barbirolli and the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra (Crossroads Stereo 22 16 0128)**
***Mozart: Symphony No. 39 and Symphony No. 41:* Peter Maag and the Japan Philharmonic (Crossroads Stereo 22 16 0126)**

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false. Musical composition is an art perfected in Germany, France, and Italy. Its product is profoundly local, tribal, ethnic. Just as there are national and even local dances and songs, so their transformation into "serious" work remains local, pointedly non-universal. The polonaise is not danced by Dutchmen. Hungarian rhapsodies do not spring to the lips of Italians. Why don't Chinese write Slavonic Dances?

Sous le pont
D'Avignon
On y danse, on y danse. . . .

Nevertheless, there has been enough musical activity in the Czech and Slovak to justify the expectation of at least passable performance. The Barbirolli-Czech reading of the Franck symphony is, instead, outlandish. Whether it is the vaunted Czech materialism or the result of an officially atheistic state, I do not know, but something has kept this performance totally skewed away from the tender evangelism of the most devout and holy composer of modern times. Premature entrances, sawed-off climaxes, rasping strings and shouting horns—this is not Franck.

And so, bidding farewell to glorious Czechoslovakia, we turn to the mysterious East, where Mozart lies buried in Tokyo. If you like your Mozart played as if it were Beethoven, then here's your fare. Wow! Can those Japanese play loud! And Gee Whiz! What a diminuendo, right down to no tone at all! What contrast! Slow, fast! Loud, soft! Bang!

I would have thought that some of the delicacy of Mozart would flower forth at the hands of a people who excel in miniaturism. But this is the Japan of the Mitsubishi Iron Works, and by golly they certainly can hammer away at it.

These sick performances confirm the error of the underlying heresy. Music

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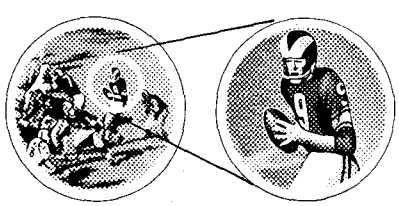

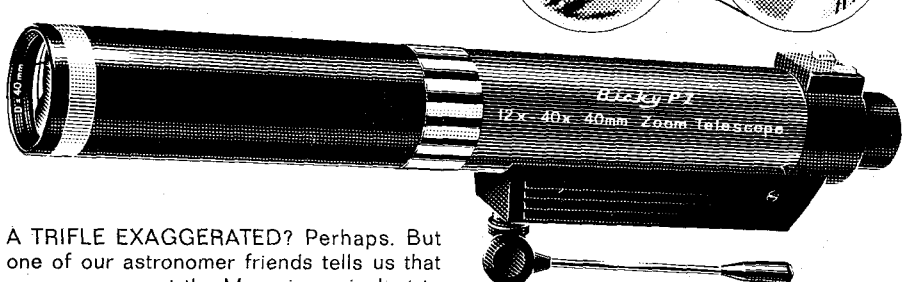

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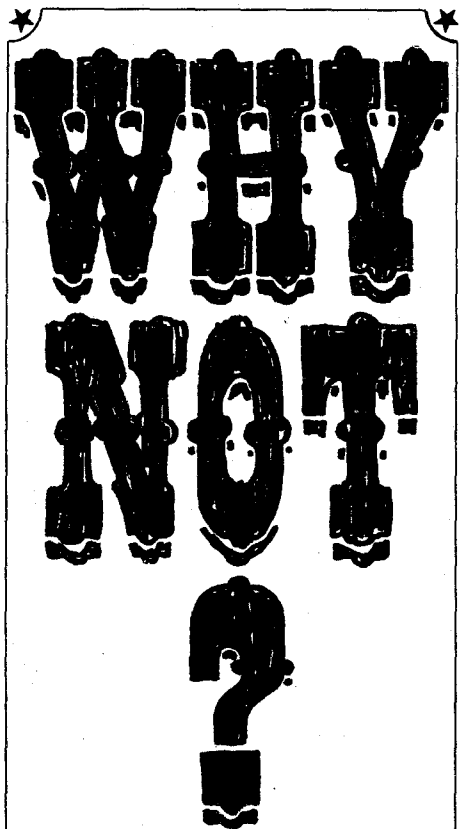

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is no more an international language than Esperanto. Or, to edge the knife: whatever there is of music that can be internationalized is every bit as dull, homogenized, mechanical, and hollow as Esperanto itself. Esperanto never caught on because people basically don't want a simple and universal tongue. They want their local color, irregular verbs, a Mozart sound that differs from the Beethovenian *Sturm und Drang*. In music as in life there is no Esperanto, and no amount of lamentation at no matter what decibel will alter the fact.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SOUTH WEST: *The Last Frontier in Africa* by Eschel Rhoodie (Twin Circle, $4.00). South West Africa is not a place, and people: it is an issue. World Opinion has decreed that it must be free and the United Nations has named a Commission to go about the business of teaching the South West Africans how to be free—no later than by June 1968. The problem is that the Commissioner can't set foot in the territory because South Africa, which has ruled South West since the early 1920s, doesn't recognize the UN's authority in the matter. South Africa's mandate followed a century of brutal tribal wars in which two-thirds of the native populations were killed and the remainder left destitute. Tribal animosities are dormant today, not dead. If South West Africa is propelled into independence half a year hence, there is no guarantee that the majority Ovambos—nearly 44 per cent of the population—will not take care of their ancestral enemies in the primitive but effective manner of the Bahutu, the Hansas and the Sudanese. Dr. Eschel Rhoodie, of the South African Information Ministry, explains why he thinks in the case of South West it would be liberty *and* death, in a well written and informative book that covers South West Africa's geography and history, the tribal composition of its peoples, the economic advances of the past century and a half, the case against South Africa's continued mandate which Ethiopia and Liberia lost before the World Court, the UN move last spring to vacate that mandate. He makes a convincing case for continued South African control.

P. L. BUCKLEY

DELINQUENCY CAN BE STOPPED, by Judge Lester H. Loble and Max Wylie (McGraw-Hill, $4.95). Judge Loble's contribution to penal reform is simple. He believes that the shame of publicity in the juvenile court spurs both the delinquent and his parents to do better. Loble also orders a short spell in the cooler for young louts rather than a heap of wooly psychiatrese which blames society rather than the wrongdoer. The application of such firm common sense has cut the juvenile crime rate in the judge's city of Helena, Montana by nearly half and saved many young people from recidivism. Admirable though this certainly is, it is all that Judge Loble has to say, so you can save your $4.95. His book is written in an appalling sub-*Readers Digest* style calculated to Diminish Your Word-power. For this verbosity which apes simplicity, I am inclined to blame the Judge's literary sidekick, the noted author of *Career Girl, Watch Your Step*. Bad boys can be reformed—and Judge Loble is going the practical way about it—but bad books apparently cannot.

F. MOUNT

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S HIGH PERFORMANCE CARS, by Richard Hough and Michael Frostick (Harper, $8.95). Books for the auto buff are customarily 1) super lavishly illustrated and high in price and/or 2) packed with complex technical data to be stored for retrieval at the next cocktail party. This one is neither: the price is modest, the illustrations are mostly small, black-and-white and lifted from old advertisements; the data is sketchy at best. The British authors admit (over-generously, sometimes) just about everything with more than four cylinders from the Austro-Daimler of 1910 to last year's Shelby-Mustang—a range that could be covered thoroughly only in ten or twelve large books. This small one is an entertaining scrapbook, good for dipping into and an excellent gift for someone whose interest in automobiles has just awakened.

C. H. SIMONDS

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. What David Harum was	26 11 30 41 49 76 82 160 181 189 5
B. What Powell wasn't afflicted with	31 42 113 99 210 191
C. Ensnared	59 124 100 107 178 8
D. What physicians sometimes do	67 32 125 164 93 196 142
E. Texas' senior U. S. senator	118 9 38 48 77 75 97 106 56 79
F. People who "got plenty of nothing"	130 184 179 46 221 15 39 200
G. One of a breed of toy dogs	144 171 218 2 10 95 116 120 147 165 183 209 224
H. The brother of Bia, Cratus, and Nike	154 126 57 170 47
I. Any of various fabaceous plants of the southwestern U. S.	176 217 60 43 219 68 114 19
J. In a manner calculated to give offense	187 22 109 122 139 146 151 167 192 216 40
K. Baseball double talk	194 21 24 85 162 182 17 208 71 78
L. A Dickens character plus practice = a tool	207 52 87 98 23 104 127 140 225 7
M. A type of vehicle	214 62 193 206 53 80 74 123 135 152
N. Utterly foolish or senseless persons	37 69 90 51 121 55

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. What a man with handlebars would be	134 6 28 35 58 115 150 157 202 4 18
P. These are often rough	169 226 72 180 197
Q. Stands with shelves for bric-a-brac	198 73 211 117 103 20 158 203
R. A contagious skin disease	45 201 96 61 129 213 92 105
S. This end of Job was blessed more than his beginning	50 63 25 33 138 174
T. What a bad spot in one of Chicago's downtown streets might be called	88 108 143 212 195 220 136 175
U. Made new or as if new again	111 27 188 223 12 215 137 101 65
V. Dry; almost-unsharp	119 156 222 66 29 148 110 81
W. What a fruit cake often is	141 86 112 166 149
X. Last Moorish king of Granada	84 155 199 185 89 131 13
Y. A mode of singing or chanting	102 145 186 44 14 34 177 83 132
Z. A Greek Stoic philosopher	204 70 168 128 161 153 1 163 172 190
a. A party that opposed the overeducated	16 64 94 159 173 205 3 36 54 91 133

See page 1348 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 Z	2 G	3 a	4 O	5 A		6 O	7 L	8 C	9 E	10 G	11 A	12 U		13 X	14 Y	15 F		
16 a	17 K	18 O		19 I	20 Q	21 K	22 J		23 L	24 K		25 S	26 A	27 U		28 O		
29 V	30 A	31 B	32 D	33 S	34 Y		35 O	36 a	37 N	38 E	39 F	40 J		41 A	42 B	43 I		
44 Y	45 R	46 F	47 H		48 E	49 A	50 S	51 N	52 L		53 M	54 a	55 N		56 E	57 H		
58 O	59 C	60 I	61 R		62 M	63 S	64 a	65 U	66 V	67 D	68 I	69 N		70 Z	71 K	72 P		
73 Q	74 M	75 E		76 A	77 E		78 K	79 E	80 M		81 V	82 A	83 Y	84 X		85 K		
86 W	87 L	88 T	89 X	90 N	91 a	92 R	93 D		94 a	95 G	96 R	97 E	98 L	99 B	100C	101U		
	102Y	103Q	104L		105R	106E	107C		108T	109J	110V	111U		112W	113B	114I		
	115O	116G	117Q	118E		119V	120G	121N	122J	123M		124C	125D	126H	127L	128Z		
129R	130F	131X	132Y	133a		134O	135M	136T	137U	138S	139J		140L	141W	142D	143T		
	144G		145Y	146J	147G	148V	149W		150O	151J	152M	153Z	154H	155X	156V			
157O	158Q		159a	160A	161Z		162K		163Z	164D	165G	166W	167J	168Z	169P			
170H	171G		172Z	173a	174S	175T	176I	177Y	178C	179F	180P	181A		182K	183G	184F		
185X	186Y	187J	188U	189A	190Z	191B		192J	193M		194K	195T	196D	197P		198O		
199X	200F		201R	202O	203O	204Z	205a	206M		207L	208K	209G		210B	211O	212T		
213R	214M	215U	216J		217I	218G		219I	220T	221F	222V	223U	224G	225L	226P			

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REAGAN

(Continued from page 1325)

of being a Rockefeller, being personally able, being wealthy, and being governor of New York: not because New York had become a model state under his administration.

During the next year, California will spend, as we all know, $5 billion. During the next year the Federal Government will spend approximately $140 billion. Well over 17 billion of these dollars will be spent in California. But more important, it is the Federal Government that will decide how many California boys are drafted into the army, how much inflation there is going to be, how far the monopoly labor unions can go, whether there will be any praying in the schools, whether Californians can sell their property as they choose, where the main highways will come from and where they will go, how the water flowing in from nature is to be allocated, how large social security payments will be. Are there interstices within which, nowadays, a governor can move, sufficiently to keep himself in focus and establish his special competence?

Reagan clearly thinks so. After all, he has brought almost everyone's attention to the problems of California, even to some of California's problems over which, as in the matter of tuition, he has no control. Always there is *some* room. "To live," Whittaker Chambers wrote, "is to maneuver. The choices of maneuver are now visibly narrow. [But] a conservatism that cannot find room in its folds for the actualities is a conservatism that is not a political force, or even a twitch: it has become a literary whimsy. Those who remain in the world, if they will not surrender on its terms, must maneuver within its terms."

The knowledge of that is what causes Mr. Kopkind to call Reagan a hypocrite, a phony. Brings the Birch senator to consider him an impostor. Brings George Wallace to call him a lightweight. What did they expect? That Governor Reagan would padlock the state treasury and give speeches on the Liberty Amendment? They say that his accomplishments are few, that it is only the rhetoric that is conservative. But the rhetoric is the principal thing. It precedes all action. All thoughtful action. Reagan's rhetoric is that of someone who is profoundly committed, *mutatis mutandis*, to the ancient ways. His perspectives are essentially undoubting. Mr. Kopkind has recently written that the United States' venture in Vietnam is "the most barbaric imperialistic war of this century." If that is so, there are phonies in America by the scores of millions. Reagan would never get the Kopkind vote; Reagan is more inscrutable to Kopkind than the Aztec calendar. For the Kopkinds, America itself is inscrutable. Reagan is indisputably a part of America. And he may become a part of American history.

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Nov. 14)

WILBUR D. MILLS: WILL CONGRESS RAISE TAXES?

I don't believe our tax structure is geared to produce enough revenues for us to police the world and make it safe, have everything we want at home, go to the moon, and do all the other things that some people seem to want done. . . . Spending has got to become contingent on tax policy, not the other way around. (from interview, *United States News*, Oct. 9th)

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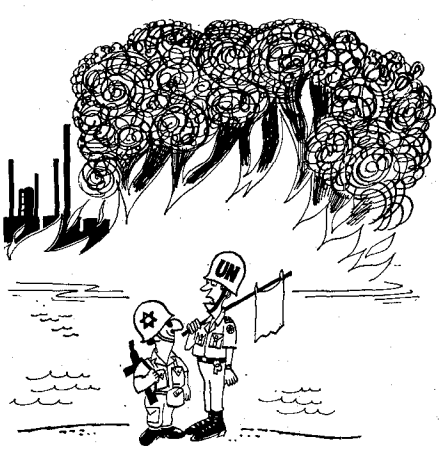
FOR THE RECORD

■ Sen. **Eugene McCarthy** will enter at least four of the Presidential primaries next year: New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Massachusetts and California. Announcement expected in fortnight, after McCarthy has cleared Massachusetts bit with Kennedys. . . . Michigan Democratic State Chairman **Zolton Ferency** says of McCarthy: "I think I've found my candidate." Ferency, a ferocious dove, in bad with **G. Mennen Williams** faction of Michigan Democratic Party which hopes to bounce him. . . . Ferency is now masterminding Dec. 2 **"Dump-Johnson"** meeting of Michigan Conference of Concerned Democrats (principal speakers **Robert Vaughn, Julian Bond**) . . . . **Martin Luther King** has somehow managed to find a few Republicans he could endorse next year: **Charles Percy, George Romney,** Sen. **Mark Hatfield.**

■ Fustes' with the leastes' accolade again won by **Harold Stassen** who is (at this writing) the only Republican officially running for Presidency ("Are you kidding?" said **Dirksen**). If elected, Stassen says, his Secretary of State will be **Lauris Norstad, James Gavin** or **Matthew Ridgway**. . . . Eight meetings, lunches, dinners, **Ronald Reagan** addressed in month of October raised over a million bucks for the Republican Party. Reagan is also credited with helping **Louie Nunn** win the Kentucky gubernatorial contest. . . . **Robert Wagner** shouldn't be counted out of New York senatorial race next year—he'd run against **Jacob Javits.** Friends indicate Wagner is getting tired of private life, would not be averse to running. . . . Conservative Republicans in Maine on to fact that **John N. Kelly,** now pitching for conservative support in his congressional bid, is liberal Republican who has always been critical of GOP congressional leadership.

■ New thoughts on integration. **W. H.** (Ping) **Ferry** of Center for Study of Democratic Institutions (the think tankers' think tank) thinks the time has come to "banish the idea of integration from the lips of reformers and politicians." He predicts that in the future cities will divide into "Blacktown and Whitetown U.S.A." . . . **Gunnar Myrdal,** noting the increasing Negro takeover of the inner core of U.S. cities, says the U.S. "more and more resembles South Africa in this." . . . **Patrick Moynihan,** discussing same problem before ADA Board members, urged liberals to



Waite, *The Sun,* London Ben Roth Agency

"Well, it's not my idea of oil on troubled waters."

work with "political conservatives whose essential interest is in social stability" to get private business involved in a systematic and purposeful manner to solve the problem of the ghettos. Liberals, he said, must give up the idea that "the nation can be run from Washington." . . . Kansas City police force now giving course in handling of rifles and pistols to city merchants. Consists of four hours of classroom instruction, four hours on the range (BYOG).

■ Political stirrings in Brazil where ex-enemies, former presidents **Juscelino Kubitschek** and **Joâo Goulart** (from exile) have joined former governor **Carlos Lacerda** of Guanabara Province to field opposition party to military government. Another ex-President **Janio Quadros** (who walked out on the country) has refused to join group, says he'll form workers' party of his own. . . . Friends like these **Régis Debray** doesn't need: The Union of Soviet Journalists has cabled Pres. **Barrientos** of Bolivia urging him to free Debray, who is being tried for helping Guevara's guerrilla operations in Bolivia. . . . **Herbert Matthews,** now retired from *N.Y. Times,* beetled straight down to Havana, got interview with Castro that will appear in December *War/Peace Report.*

■ **Barry Goldwater**'s Free Society Association has gotten tax-exemption ruling applied for. . . . **Robert Welch** reportedly in difficulty raising money because publicity over million bucks John Birch Society was left in **D. B. Lewis'** will—but won't be getting for a number of complicated legal reasons—has discouraged donors. . . . **ADA** at its stuffy best has cut out Greece from its advertised Mediterranean cruise. Countries to be visited will be Turkey and Yugoslavia which are not, of course, (in ADA's words about Greece) "politically and militarily repressive." . . . Young Republicans playing it cool: their planned charter flight will be "to visit the tomb of **Machiavelli.**"

■ Xmas Gift Suggestion for 10 Downing St.: A British firm has brought out a **de Gaulle puppet,** with instructions: "All you have to do is to pull the strings and de Gaulle will dance to your tune for a change. It's very therapeutic."

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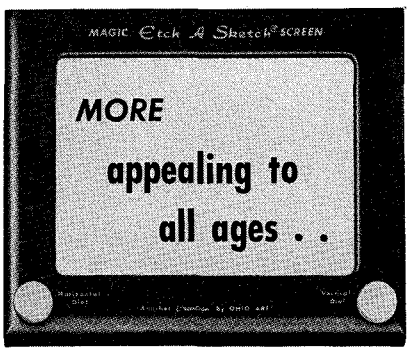

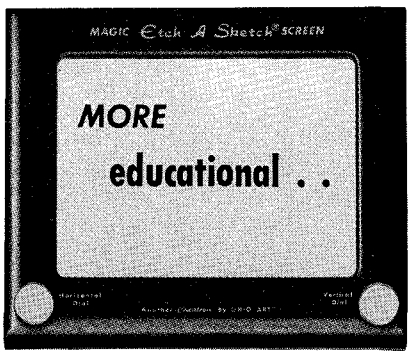

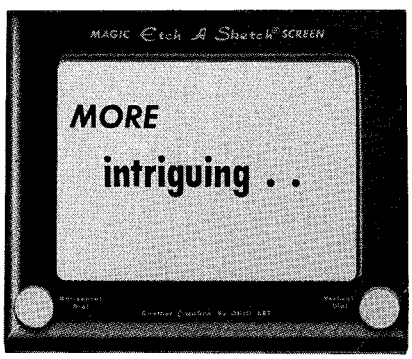

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